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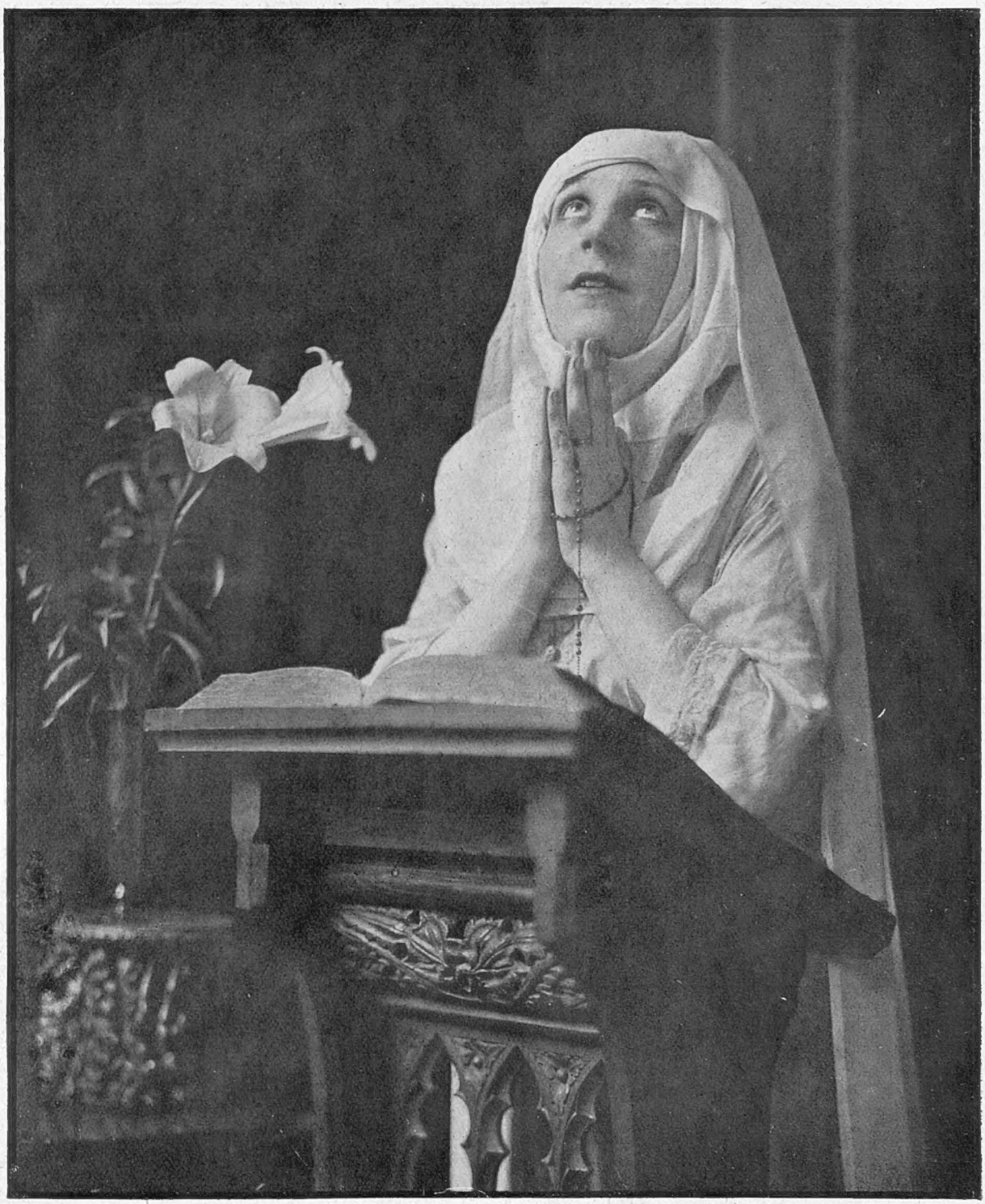
The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 421.—Vol. XXXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 27, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.



Camera Portrait by *E. O. Hoppé*

THE NUN IN "THE MIRACLE"

Professor Reinhardt's production, on Saturday, the 23rd inst., of "The Miracle" at Olympia introduces us to a wonderful mime and dancer in Mlle. Trouhanova, who sustains the principal rôle, that of a nun

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—PISTOL (*modified*)

The Need for No Politics—

IT being definitely and inevitably Christmastide, I should have liked not to follow my solemn weekly contemporaries into the paths of politics, and, as for our own particular programme, to have allowed it to wait over. For two previous Christmases we have had politics with our plum-puddings, and one would like to have been spared them a third time. While bad Bills are actually being hustled through a muzzled Parliament, it is one's positive duty to shout one's protests. When, however, they become the law of the land, the desirable course is to await their execution. If one finds the process as tyrannical and irksome as is supposed, why, then, we are free-born Britishers, and we can use our fists and our feet, or any means of defiance other than putting out our tongues—a course which might be taken as adhesion to, rather than defiance of, the sticky Act to which exception is principally taken.

—But Escape Impossible

But when one isn't talking politics, what in the name of Christmas is one to talk? If one turns to Royalty, one finds them positively wrapped up in the prickly things, the King making controversial declarations at one centre, the Duke of Connaught playing a political rôle at another, while Prince Arthur is busy with R. Cantaur, Loreburn C., and Morley of B. issuing proclamations on the highly contentious question of the coinage of the Bahamas. Abroad, wherever one looks, one finds politics—France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Turkey, America, China. Each one of them has a finger in a pie that is by no means festive or Christmassy. Time was when, did one want to turn one's mind from politics, one turned it to the so-called gentle sex . . . Time, I said, *was*. Now, one turns it as far away from Her as one can, for, it seems, she *is* politics at the moment.

***

THE FRIENDLY FESTIVE FEELING

"Fare, Lady!"
"Nice Gentleman"

(By O. BARRETT)

Voteless Victories

Thanks to the supreme power of lacking the Vote, she has been able to split the Ministry, congest the business of Parliament, side-track Home Rule, and compel the Prime Minister to think of resignation. Those of us who want to reduce Woman from political power should help on that Suffrage Bill with all our might. For heaven's sake let her have the vote, and let us get politics back again to their proper party course. Conservatives who favour Suffrage should, too, really be put promptly out of the misery of finding themselves in agreement with Mr. George.

***

The Real Dividing Line

I wonder seriously whether, after all, the split on the Suffrage does not promise to give us the real dividing line between parties in place of the present unreal one? In favour, one certainly finds men of warm hearts (Mr. George, Mr. Balfour, Lord Haldane, Mr. Burns, etc.), and against, one finds men of cool heads—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, and so on and so forth. A dividing line in which it was Hearts to the Right and Heads to the Left would be truly ideal, and in thorough harmony with logic. The intervention of the generally cool-headed Sir Edward Grey on the side of the hearts is, though, a complication. What does the Sphinx in this galley? Is it his

way of asserting his right to the leadership over Mr. George? Sir Edward, since his great unbending of the other day, has certainly strengthened his reputation, and may yet be Prime Minister.

***

Poor Dickens!

I wish all the best to the *Daily Telegraph's* Dickens Centenary, but might my contemporary not have thought of something a little less painful with which to commemorate his memory than a stamp? The sight of the thing every day sends a cold shudder down one's back, and I am quite sure the immortal Charles would be furious that his popularity should be risked by such an ill-timed association.

***

—Also Poor Prince

The British Christmas heart will, I am sure, beat for the poor German Crown Prince, who, though for the fourth time a happy father, was prevented by a "cold" from leaving Dantzic to receive the infant in his arms. Surely the Kaiser might have allowed his son to leave the cold at Dantzic for a day or two? After all, he has had it now for a month, and England, at all events, has long ago forgiven him for the heated occasion in which he "caught it."

***

Favours to Come?

"I suppose," sneers a recently rejected contributor, "that in future BYSTANDER rejection forms will read 'With the Editor's Cigarettes and thanks.'"

This is really not a bad idea. Perhaps, if the rejected contribution is not too bad, we may consider it.

***

—And from "Winny"-peg Too!

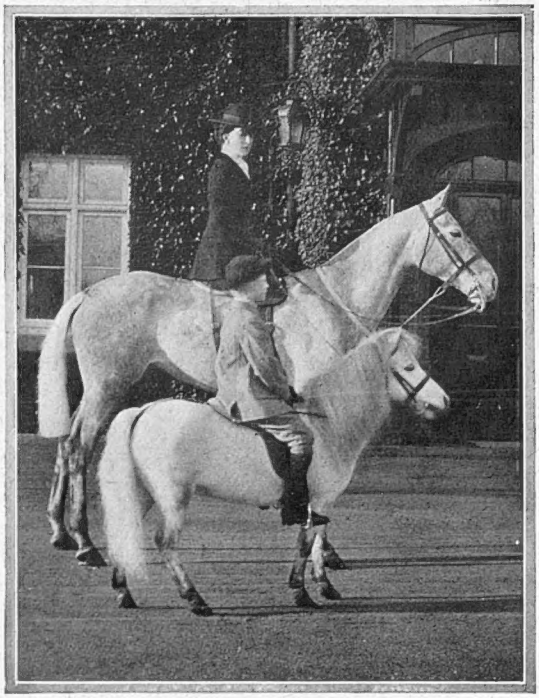
49, Knappen Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.]

DEAR SIR,—I have recently noticed in THE BYSTANDER and other prominent London journals occasional references to an individual of the name of Winston Churchill. I am curious to know who this person is; and as I have been unable to find out, I thought that possibly you might be kind enough to enlighten me. Of course, I know that the late Lord Randolph Churchill had a son of the name of Winston, but I feel sure that had the son of such a brilliant statesman taken up politics he would have achieved a position of considerable prominence and evolved many ideas for the good of the country.—Yours truly,

WALTER S. HAMILTON

[I have written giving our correspondent the information he desires—with some regret at the necessity to disturb an ignorance which must indeed be bliss.—ED.]



Photograph *Ralph*

QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY AND PRINCE OLAF AT SANDRINGHAM

INTERESTING ROYAL CHILDREN

PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND

A photograph taken by her mother, Queen Wilhelmina

***

The Newest Bible

I commented the other day on the Selfridge Bible. Now I see advertised the "Copping Illustrated Bible." It is high time some Bishop reminded us that the word "Bible" has, in the minds of many millions of people, a reverential meaning, and that to preface it by the surname of a tradesman, or even of an artist, is hardly calculated to uphold the dignity of the sacred book in a sceptical age.

***

Their Passion—and Ours

The newspapers, of course, know their business, but the intelligent foreigner during the last week (if a foreigner with intelligence ever sets foot in this country at this time of year) must have been more than usually surprised at the national psychology. Here is a people that, ploughing through inches of never-ceasing rain and slush, is excited by posters dealing with a cricket match being played in the Antipodes! Mind you, I don't dispute that there *are* people who feel this interest. I merely look at it from the point of view of the I.F., who might reasonably have supposed that there was only one thing anybody in England could possibly want to read about, and that was the best and quickest way to get out of it. Certainly the book which we are personally fingering with the greatest affection at the moment is our Continental Bradshaw, and the art which appeals to us most strongly is that of the Alpine or Sunny South poster-designer.

***

An Engagement

The engagement is announced of Harold C. P. Wood, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wood, of 29, Kensington Court, London, W., to Marjorie Louise, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Sherburn, of Brantingham Thorpe, Brough, Yorks.

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All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, "The Graphic" Office, Tallis Street, London, E.C.
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Potentates Pleasant and Unpleasant

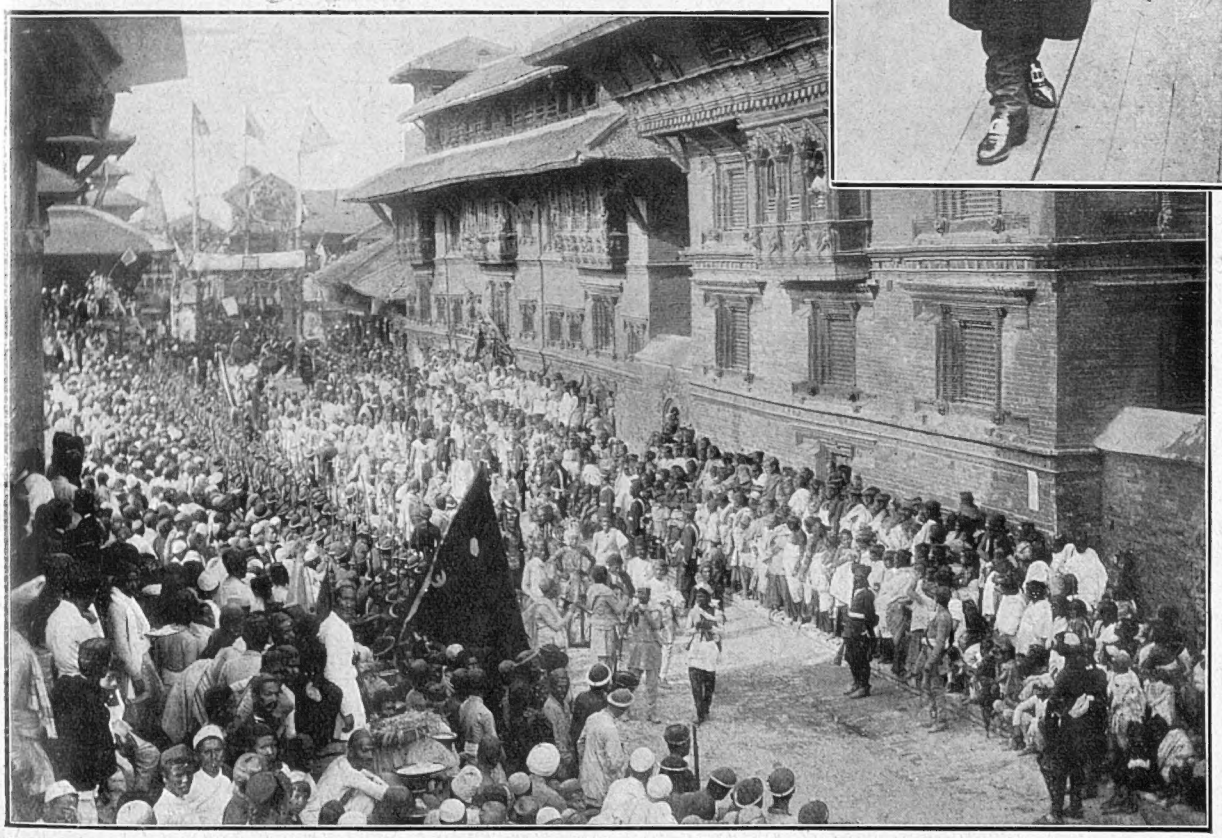
THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA IN TWO PHASES

On the left, at the Coronation. On the right, deer-stalking in Scotland. His cynical expression in the former case was noted with interest at the time, and has since been given a sinister significance

A Street Scene in Baroda

The Gaekwar of which has had publicly to apologise for his discourteous demeanour to the King at the Durbar. The State of Baroda has been to a large extent Europeanised during the Gaekwar's sway. His territory has an area a little larger than Wales

H.E. THE DEWAN OF NEPAL



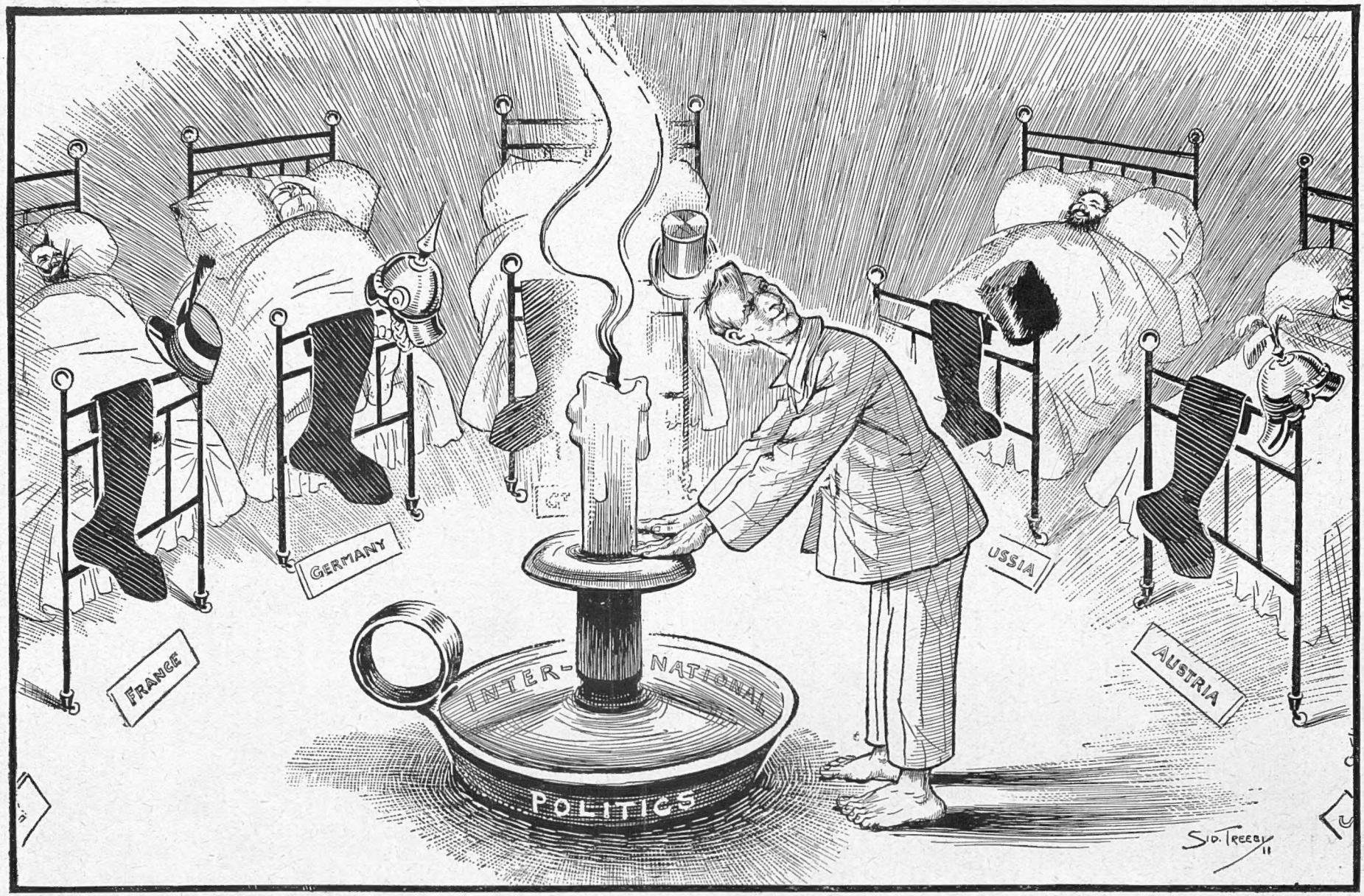
A State Procession in Patan, one of the Chief Centres of Nepal

The titular Maharajah of Nepal died on December 11 after expressing a wish that nothing should be done to interfere with the visit of the King to Nepal. The King has decided to fulfil the engagement, and His Majesty is enjoying some grand sport in this State, rhinoceroses and tigers being plentiful

The King's Shooting Host

H.E. the Dewan (Prime Minister) of Nepal, who was a guest of this country three or four years ago, and is now entertaining the King

Christmas Eve in the International Nursery



SIR EDWARD: "NOW MIND, YOU FELLOWS, WHEN THIS CANDLE'S OUT, NO HANKY-PANKY WITH EACH OTHER'S STOCKINGS!"

Sir E. Grey (speaking at Plymouth recently) said: "It is desirable now that we should have a few weeks of diplomatic repose and devote them to our usual Christmas enjoyments and internal questions"

BY SID. TREEBY

BYSTANDER STORYETTE—No. 3

The Real Salome

A Revelation

in the Shades.

"Motherly-looking old lady of strong Semitic features, placidly knitting!"

[*We make no apology for publishing this chat with a much maligned lady. It is certainly time she put in a word for herself, especially as, so far as history is concerned, nothing worse is recorded against her than that she was married twice, had, by her second husband, three children, and lived, for all that is proved to the contrary, a long and quite a respectable married life.—See Josephus Antiq., V.-18.*—ED.]

IN a quiet corner of the shades of Purgatory—the corner specially reserved for those who have died of weariness. I found myself there as a result of having attended, in the capacity of a critic of music, some twenty successive seasons of Grand Opera in London. The occasion immediately preceding my death was the rendering of the story of Salome according to M. Massenet. Not that I was any more tired of this lady than of any other operatic heroine. I might quite as easily have died of Lucia, or Marguerite, or Carmen, or Elsa, or Elisabeth, of each of whom I was equally weary. It happened to be Salome, that is all.

Somewhere towards the end of the first corridor, in one of the spacious flat-houses reserved by the authorities for those who had died uninterestingly at the end of quiet, uneventful lives, sat a pleasant-faced, motherly-looking, old lady of strong Semitic features. She was placidly knitting, and glanced up at me quite nicely. Feeling tired, I sank down in a seat beside her.

"You knit much?" I asked, sympathetically.

"No more than I've done any time these nineteen hundred odd years," she answered, "or during my very tedious lifetime sixty years before."

"In your lifetime?" I asked, and silently I tried to place her. Hebraic, and about nineteen hundred years in the shades, following sixty of them on earth—she must have flourished somewhere in the eventful period preceding the dawn of Christianity. I looked closely at her once again. So kind, so gentle a face as hers conveyed little or no idea of her identity, for most of the celebrities of her period, if history is to be believed—I say advisedly "if"—were of anything but of the knitting variety. And my mind passed sorrowfully to the occasion of my departure from earth.

"And what," asked the old lady, turning up at me her kind, soft, motherly eyes, "what brings you down here amongst us—so young, too, to be so tired? You remind me of my youngest boy, Ari."

I shuddered.

"Arry?" I asked.

"Yes. Short for Aristobulus. I had three, you know, by my second husband—also named Aristobulus—a tetrarch by trade. The others were Herod and Agrippa. But I don't suppose they know anything upon earth now about a quiet old party like myself, who led so very uneventful a life out in Trachonitis."

It was a little disconcerting to me to hear names mentioned so strongly reminiscent of my last hours on earth, and I told my companion so.

"I know your sons' names quite well," I said. "We have been hearing quite a lot about Herod, at all events, on earth lately."

"Ah, indeed? You surprise me! But which of the many Herods? Not my boy, for he was quite unknown."

"Oh, I don't know what our Herod's number was. I am afraid my knowledge of Scripture is weak. I was a musical critic, you know, and to know anything about history would make reviewing operas too painful a task. But, so far as I know, Herod was chiefly noted up there for having played a very discreditable part in the affair between Salome and the severed head of a certain Prophet whose name they are not allowed to mention on the stage."

The old lady laid down her knitting and confronted me with eyes of grave concern.

"Poor fellow! How very shocking of her. You say her name was Salome," she said. "But I do not know which Salome had anything whatever to do at any time with the severed head of any Prophet. Perhaps you will enlighten me."

"She was, I believe, the daughter of a lady of atrocious character of the name of Herodias," I said.

"My mother, Herodias——" began the old lady, now beginning to look really angry.

"Your mother?" I said, shaking with astonishment.

"Yes, my mother. My name happens to be Salome, and I am the daughter of Herodias. I was married twice, and by my second husband had three boys. It is true that there was scandal about my mother, but I should like very much to know what is said about poor, quiet, stay-at-home, motherly old me."

"What is said to have happened," I said, "is really not quite fit for discussion. But, as you press me, I will tell you that you are universally reported to have demanded the head of this Prophet on a charger, and having secured it, to have danced about with it. To convey the full repulsive horror of your conduct, one of our leading poets could only write about you in French, and one of our leading composers set you to ordinary, and another to the most extraordinary, music. In the latter of these operas, your conduct was so atrocious that a person called the Censor forbade your presence on the operatic stage. For a long time, therefore, we were only allowed to learn all about you at our music-halls, where various

ladies with bare legs used, to the delight of our Prime Minister and the social world generally, to dance about to luscious music with the bleeding and bearded head of this Prophet every night at nine sharp, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays at three-thirty. Smoking was permitted. At last, however, the Censor gave way and said that if you discarded the head of your victim, and would be content to dance about with a platter containing only his blood, the opera could go on. For my part, you seemed a trifle more repulsive dancing with a platter of blood than you did with the head. Whichever it was, Madame Salome, you are known to us as the worst woman who ever walked the face of the earth. and so far from having married and settled down respectably in Tracho—what is it?—you were quite properly put to death by Herod—immediately after the dance."

Salome looked at me long and searchingly.

"Is it possible that that is what is really said about me? Look closely at me. Do I look the sort of person who would dance about with a Prophet's head or his blood at music-halls? I, the respectable mother of a family—but it is astounding, scandalous. Can I do nothing—nothing to clear my reputation of this?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know what the arrangements are down here. But it is Christmas-time up there now, the time when ghosts are supposed to have official permits to walk the earth. Perhaps you might pop up for an hour or two and haunt your traducers. The chief living one is a composer of the name of Strauss, who lives in Germany."

Salome rose

"Thank you," she said, "I shall ask permission to go immediately. Tell me," she said, looking at me with cold penetration, "what sort of a *head* has this man Strauss?"

I shuddered.

"Why do you ask?" I said hoarsely—for I never really disliked all the composer's music.

"Do you think," she hissed, gathering up her mantle ready to move towards the entrance to the corridor, "Do you think it would look well on a charger?"

V. C.

A POLITE REMINDER

As it is now Christmastide, it may seem in rather bad taste to mention so out-of-date a thing as a Christmas Number, but if by any chance you do not happen to have seen that of the periodical bearing the name at the right-hand top corner of this page, you will not suffer serious annoyance by buying it now. It is not too Christmassy to be unacceptable even at Christmas. On the contrary, much of it is quite unseasonable. The price is one shilling, and a few copies may still be found lingering on the bookstalls.

Christmas Weather in South Wales

RESCUING A CHILD FROM ONE OF THE WRECKED HOUSES AT GLYNCORRWG

The rescuers are fortunate in that, at the very moment of their gallant deed, there chanced to be passing a photographer. Glyncorrwg is in the Afon Valley, and was one of the places most affected by the floods in South Wales last week. The river rose to a great height, and the inhabitants of the Cwmcaes cottages near the River Corrwg carted their belongings up the mountain-side. Half an hour later their cottages were flooded, three of them being demolished

A Dynasty of Glory

HIS MAJESTY'S TRIBUTE TO BYGONE MOGUL GRANDEUR

Photograph of their Majesties in centre by W. and D. Downey

The Mogul dynasty in India began with Baber in 1525, but Tamourline (centre picture on the right) was its real founder. We supply a sprinkling of authentic portraits of famous rulers of the dynasty, together with a photograph of King George and Queen Mary, whose reign has witnessed the recognition of Delhi, the former Capital of the Mogul Empire, as Capital of British India

PARLIAMENT *as the Stepping Stone* to SOCIETY

ONE of our most amusing traits in this snob-ridden England of ours is, I often think, the way in which we have cunningly devised that politics and the politician shall be "smart." Here in England politics and Society are one. Elsewhere, in America, in France, in Germany, the two are poles apart, and of each other mutually disdainful, mutually suspicious. Abroad, politics is *bourgeois*, middle-class, anything but aristocratic. Here politics cannot exist without Society, Society without politics, and so we have made the game a distinguished one, and one which, quite without rhyme or reason, it is a highly honoured, and now even paying, one to play.

An Aristocratic Profession

For politics in England is largely just the relaxation of the leisured. And in this country, as the untiring Marmaduke has, of course, already said, those who are compelled to do something are considered to be inferior to those who are enabled to do nothing. Thus the political has become one of the aristocratic of the professions, a medium for the disposal of restless younger sons, a state to which the rich *commerçant* aspires when his real work is done, his money made. A Parliamentary career is obviously pre-eminently suited to this class, and to those who, in addition to the inevitable money, possess rank or influence, for the House of Commons is, as Mr. Belloc has put it, a place where even a great statesman very seldom has to think really hard.

The Magic of M.P.

It has been said, too, that the influx of the Labour Member, with his somewhat suburban ideas about duty and his positively blatant ignorance of the inner working of a really good club, has destroyed the high-class "clubby," in fact, character of the House. But he hasn't, of course, for consider how, can he but append to his name the magic letters M.P., the most *bourgeois*, the most stupid among us is, hey, presto! lifted high above the common herd, the mere constituent! He hobnobs, or, anyway, breathes the same (sometimes somewhat stuffy) air, with the sons of earls and marquises, and even dukes; his wife (*née* probably Buggins) is nearly as good as a Royal Princess when it comes to opening bazaars and things, in her husband's constituency, anyway; and he meets—or sees—all the "interesting" people. The M.P., in a word, is in, or very nearly in, Society.

How to Get Into Society

It is this latter-day intrusion of the *genus* politician which is, I suppose, chief of the reasons for that widening of English Society which the exclusive Victorians still in their fastnesses deplore. Politics in England is the surest and least slippery of stepping-stones to social recognition, if not eminence. Make but sufficient money to subscribe largely to party funds, exercise by hook *or* by crook but enough influence to get yourself elected to Parliament, and you are well set (provided, of course, that you keep the money-bags open) on that prickly primrose path that leads to the heights of Carlton House Terrace, the amenities of the political house-party, and the soft, set smiles and transparent teacups of the great political ladies.

The Political Lady

And there we come to yet another reason for this fusing of politics and Society in England. "*Keeping the Party together*" is very nearly all that matters under a Party System in which there must necessarily be a lot more partisanship than patriotism, and it is in this keeping the party together that that feminine element of which Society is rather more than three-parts composed comes in and—need I say?—conquers. "There are three classes of the species female," says Mrs. Glyn, who ought to know, "those for the body, those for the brain, and those for both—and the last are dangerous." It is these "last" who are generally political, for politics gives them something on which to cool their brains and the politician something on which to practise their physical fascinations.

The Wire-Pullers

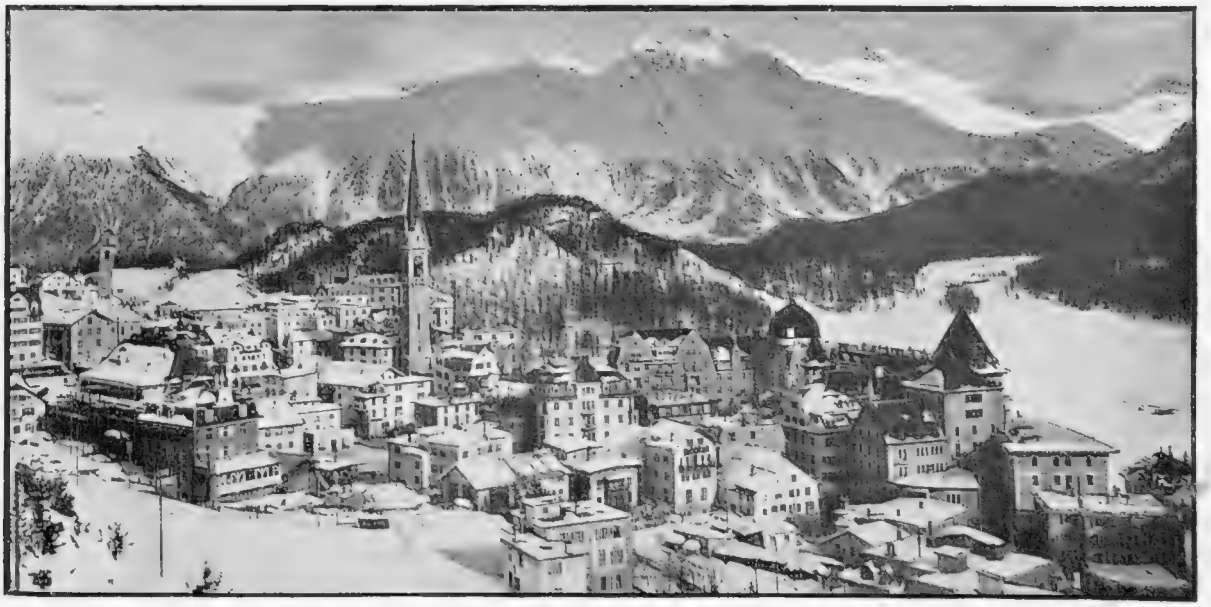
Of course, politics is commonplace, but so is England. And women, being more commonplace than either, naturally take kindly to them both. Then politics, inevitably, is insincere. So it is fortunate that the game of insincerity is the game of all others women love, and play, the best! The happiest, most serene, most charming, most contented of Society women, if not, perhaps, the most domesticated or those with the largest families, are those behind the political scenes; those who pull important strings; those who dangle before the budding, struggling politician the keys of that universal Mecca—Society. The sense of power, that intoxicating, backstairs power that shuns all responsibilities, but carries innumerable "perks," is, to a woman more even than to a man, entrancing, revivifying. For the woman who has reached the "dangerous age"—and the political woman generally has—political influence is a comforting drug, and anyone that helps to make up even for the loss of youth and love, and the coming of those horrors—fat and wrinkles! Be you but on the top step of the tortuous backstairs of politics, then must the rising man still bow the knee to you—even if you're old, if not in amorous supplication, in hope of favours to come! And thus it is that to a woman, especially to her of "dangerous age," the life political is the most alluring of any, one that provides diversion and a sort of adult autumn madness to take the place of the dances and delight of youth and spring. O. M. D.

Snowland's Social Mecca

THREE GLIMPSES OF THE FASCINATIONS OF ST. MORITZ

TWO FAMOUS ST. MORITZ RUNS
Left: The Cresta Bobsleigh Run. Right: The Cresta Skeleton Run

THE DIMSON RUN, ST. MORITZ



ST. MORITZ: VIEW TOWARDS PIZ LANGUARD

St. Moritz is the best-known and most popular of winter sports resorts. It is situated in the Upper Engadine at a higher altitude—6,187 feet—than any of its rivals. Ample facilities for skating, tobogganing, curling, ski-ing, are to be found there, and the accommodation is splendid

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

CHRISTMAS is practically over. It lasts but a short time, after all, and none but the extremely youthful can pretend that it is as harrowing a business as it used to be a few years back. People who have the strength of character not to think of Mr. Lloyd George for a couple of days can even enjoy themselves at Christmas.

* * *

The fact is, the whole business has been made much easier. Look at the Christmas present-chooser—that new type of business expert who was specially invented for this Christmas. You told him, I understand, the characteristics of the persons you wanted to give presents to, and he told you what things to get for them. What a boon!

* * *

I did not try a present-chooser myself. I was afraid—possibly unjustly afraid—that he would choose things that I should be unable to pay for. Nor did I see quite how he went to work. Suppose you wanted to give a present to a youngish man who was not particular about his clothes and had the habit of writing poetry. What would the present-chooser have advised?

* * *

A safety-razor? A walking-stick with an electric torch in the handle? Ebony-backed hair-brushes, or some new sort of trouser-stretchers? The last might have been suitable. If the present-chooser had struck on them, he would have justified his existence. But I doubt if he would have had the courage.

* * *

Perhaps, however, they are selected for their courage. They ought to be. For their real position is that of the scapegoat. They have to pretend to be certain that our friends will be delighted with some of the cheap wares which we ourselves very well know they will detest, and to bear the brunt of our annoyance when we realise that they have pitched on the one particularly rotten thing which of all others has turned out to be most unsuitable.

* * *

I think the present-chooser ought to be given a holiday after Christmas. A good long holiday. At least a month. By that time even the victim who has got fourteen safety-razors or walking-sticks with electric torches in the handle from fourteen different friends who all went to the same present-chooser will have quieted down.

* * *

Excitement in Bengal over the Durbar gift seems to continue. I suppose if, at the Coronation over here, the King's gift to the nation had taken the form of making Birmingham the capital of England in place of London, we should have been excited too.

* * *

A postal official has stated that it has been impossible so far to open up telephonic communication with Berlin. It is disappointing, of course, that we cannot at any moment rush to the telephone and tell Berliners what we think of them; but, then, the converse is equally the fact. On the whole, no doubt, it makes for peace.

* * *

There is to be a new fashionable tint, it appears. "Pre-eminently becoming," says the *Daily Mail*, "is a tint known as 'ghost.'" Our own experience of ghosts is that they would look smarter on the whole if they went in for a bit more colour.

* * *

Perhaps the "winding-sheet" skirt will accompany this modish tint? And we shall read in the fashion columns how "the Duchess of S—— looked ghastly in a smart shroud; very *chic* were the chain bangles and necklace that clanked as she walked."

* * *

Speaking at a girls' school the other day, the Dean of St. Paul's (sometimes called g'oomy) referred to a time when women would have the vote and "monopolise Eton and Harrow." It will be a pretty poor time for the men, who will have nothing much left for them except to try and become Deans of St. Paul's.

* * *

"Puritanism," declares a contemporary, "is daily making greater progress." It may be so, but at least one refuge is left to those gay dogs of fellows who must go a burst now and then. I refer to whist-drives. These have not yet been declared illegal.

MEMORABILIA

Miss Rebecca: "Didn't I once give you a penny, Crossing Sweeper?"

Crossing Sweeper: "Let's see, now—I can't say I remember—Oh, yes—why what a sweet little girl you was, lidy!"

(By Harold Bird)

Pretty Much the Same Thing

Luckless Manager: "They left no stone unturned to wreck the show"
Rival: "You mean, I guess, that they left no turn unstoned"

BY J. L. C. BOOTH

The Business of Christmas as Conducted at the Birthplace of Christianity

The Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, which is supposed to be built over the actual spot where the Holy Infant was born

The Long Unwashed Window in the left transept of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem: Note the giant cobwebs

(The story of this "Unwashed Window" is told in the article)

IF there be one spot where it would be expected that peace would reign throughout at this season of the year it would be in the little old-world town of Bethlehem, nestling among the Judean hills, in Palestine, for it was here that the Prince of Peace was born. Nevertheless, if the truth must be told, distressing scenes are often witnessed here during the Christmas festivities.

The services are held in the Church of the Nativity. It is nothing less than a number of churches and monasteries under one roof. Its exterior has somewhat the appearance of a fortress. Portions of it are very ancient, the central building, it is said, having had a continuous history for fifteen hundred years. Here worship the various sects—Latins, Greeks, and Armenians. They have their appointed altars and shrines. The places they occupy, the time, duration, and manner of their services, and even the number of times they may burn incense, are all exactly prescribed by Imperial decree from Constantinople.

It is during the Christmas festivities that the annual "House-Cleaning Orders," as they are termed, are received from Constantinople, notifying the various sects what portions of the sacred edifice they may clean. These instructions are most explicit, detailing fully the portions of the walls, pillars, floors, etc., this or that body may clean or sweep. It is in the carrying out of these orders that collisions between the rival sects often occur, and the history of these disturbances would fill volumes, and would be a record of intensest enmity, of plots and counterplots, of armed encounters, and of bloodshed.

Even during the ordinary services Turkish soldiers have to be on guard night and day in the church to prevent strife. When one soldier who has been on duty is relieved by another it is the duty of both of them to inspect and count the lamps and other articles belonging to each sect, even to the nails or hooks to which the bands or chains supporting the lamps are fastened. An illustration on page 692 shows this very scene being enacted in the sacred grotto, the Holy of Holies of the Church. It is really a small underground chamber reached from the choir above by a flight of steps. It is adorned with a beautiful altar, candlesticks, paintings, and brass lamps. For several hundred years these lamps have continually illuminated the chapel. Just in front of the altar is a large star, let into the marble floor, the exact spot, we are told, of the Nativity.

A soldier is seen stooping, examining this very star to see that it is intact. Not long ago an Armenian deacon, whose prerogative it was to clean the star, knocked off the head of one of the nails in doing so. The guard at once took possession of it, and notified the authorities, and Greek, Latin, and Armenian priests and Turkish officials were quickly on the scene to adjust this momentous matter. The Governor of Bethlehem, Fardy Effendi, who was recently appointed Mayor of Jerusalem, an intelligent man, did not regard the affair at all seriously, and so called in a blacksmith to drill out the nail and put in a new one. The smith arrived with his tools. He was, however, a Latin. Both the Armenians and the Greeks objected to a follower of a rival sect repairing the damage. In the end a gipsy artisan had to be called in, a man of no particular sect and of no standing.

(Continued on page 692)

DAMASCUS the BEAUTIFUL

A BAZAAR
The Damascus bazaars are the most famous in the world.

IN DAMASCUS
particularly for their treasures of silk, carpets, and woods

DAMASCUS: THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY OF THE ORIENT

A straight street (covered with arched roofing to keep out the summer heat and winter snows) can be seen running across the centre. Damascus can claim the distinction of being the oldest city in the world, and for that reason is often referred to as "The Mother City of the World." Rome has been called the Eternal City, but Damascus is twice as old as Rome. When Abraham crossed the desert from Haran, four thousand years ago, the city was already standing on the banks of the Abana, and no one can tell how long it had stood there before that time, for its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity

Changing Guard in the Manger or Grotto. A Turkish soldier is seen bending over the star which marks the spot of the Nativity

Christmas Day at Bethlehem. Waiting for the arrival of the Latin Patriarch

Once, in order to reach their chapel, the Latins had to pass over an Armenian carpet, which at that time was square. This trespass the Armenians hotly contested, and it was a continual bone of contention. One morning the carpet was found to have been mysteriously cut away diagonally. To this day no one knows who cut the carpet, and it is said the Governor of Bethlehem wrote over three hundred letters to the authorities in Jerusalem and Constantinople respecting the matter.

In one portion of the church may be seen a window heavy with the accumulations of dust and cobwebs. It is above that part of the building controlled by the Armenians, the ceiling of which portion is, strange to say, in the hands of the Greeks, who, therefore, had to place their ladders on the floor of the Armenian portion for the purpose of sweeping down the ceiling. Some thirty years ago a controversy arose between the Armenians and the Greeks as to the right of cleaning this window, both parties claiming it. The Government intervened, and forbade either party doing it. The result was the window has never since been cleaned.

Is it, then, to be wondered at that, with such scenes of intrigue and violence among so-called Christians before their eyes, these Mohammedan custodians of the sacred places look with suspicion upon all efforts to convert them to a faith which produces such fruit?

H. J. Shepstone

The First Card-Player

BY HAL HURST

The Devil sat at the Throne of Chance
As they marshalled the fledglings in;
He wore a wreath on his horny head,
But his dress was otherwise thin.
He smiled and said to himself, "To-day,
There's a rare good crop of sin."

The Devil shuffled his pack of cards
In the eyes of the sinning shoals.
From some he won and to some he lost,
But the Fiend was after their souls!
(The cash the Devil himself may win
Is squandered on extra coals!)

M.H.

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

AN alternative title to this entertainment would be "Potted Pantomimes," but I suppose that is already Mr. Pélissier's patent. The entertainment consists of epitomised versions of well-known fairy tales, performed for the most part by clever children, many of whom have already made juvenile reputations in London. And no doubt when they have got over their nervousness and are a little more sure of themselves, they will attract many other children desirous of renewing acquaintance with the favourite stories of extreme youth. The first tale dealt with is that of Little Red Riding Hood, who, as most people know, was a little girl who was sent through a dangerous forest all alone to visit her sick grandmother. In these days the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would, I am sure, have had a word to say on this matter, but as long as the children who go to see this entertainment don't notice anything, there is no need for us grown-ups to give the game away. Red Riding Hood duly meets the Wolf; and then the scene changes to Grandma's cottage, the inference being that the Wolf is leisurely digesting the little girl during the rush. In due course the Wolf turns up at the old lady's cottage and adds her to his menu; and then a huntsman comes along with a large knife, and goes in and kills the Wolf, and brings out its head to show to us, just as the old executioners used to hold up their prizes in days gone by and announce that that was the head of a traitor. Then both the Grandmother and Red Riding Hood are recovered from the Wolf's body, and turn up smiling, and no doubt live happily ever after. I mean, the story has stood the test of time. What more can you say about it?

Then there is Puss in Boots. This is, perhaps, not quite so interesting owing to the fact that the wicked Ogre, who plays a leading part, seems to be suffering a little from gouty feet. Of course, he is not a real ogre; but a gentleman who has elongated himself by means of stilts. I would not divulge this secret if it were not so obvious. The effect of this obviousness is to suggest that so far from being afraid of him, one of his intended victims has only to give him a push backwards, and the fierce Ogre would be at once calling for help with no uncertain sound. One of the best characters in this story is that of the Hare, played by Master Harold Barrett, who, with the help of a most realistic make-up, is quite one of the features of the production. This story is condensed in accordance with the traditions of true pantomime. That is to say, the King who goes out hunting with his lovely daughter wears his crown all the while, or else, of course, no one would know he was the King. The resolve of the authors to keep to the old traditions in spite of fearful odds is shown in the interview between Puss and the Ogre. As we all know, Puss taunts the Ogre to the effect that his skill is not equal to the feat of changing himself into a little mouse; and the Ogre is goaded into making the change in question. And all the while Puss is making his challenge, he is walking round the Ogre with his sword drawn, and could at any time have run the monster through and finished him there and then. But traditions must be respected, and the mouse duly appears, and is gobbled up as per chapter and verse of the original story.

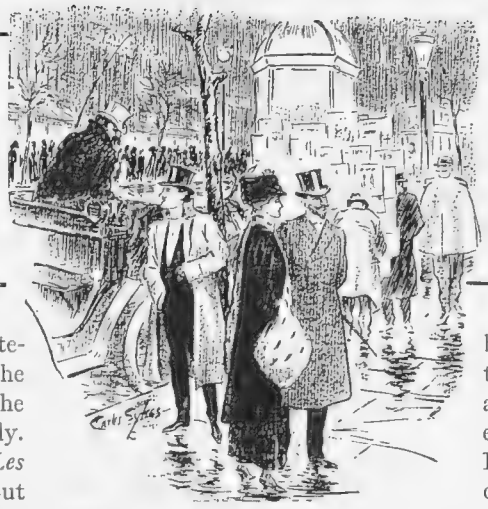
So the tales go on. I should like to be able to lay my hand on my heart and say that they were absorbingly interesting; but I cannot do so with truth. As a child I once got a prize for speaking the truth, and since then I have never looked back, not even when I was telling quite a record thumper. I think the chief defect of this entertainment is that the condensation has been carried out rather too thoroughly, and that the gentlemen concerned in the management have not been gifted with that liberal sense of humour which alone could save so delicate a situation. And since I have decided to stick to the truth against all odds, I will frankly confess that I do not quite understand the *raison d'être* of such an entertainment. If its merit lies in its poetic transposition of the stories of childhood, I can only say that poetry is not always at its best on the tongues of children, who seem to give you the impression that they know that mother is watching them from the wings to see if they skip any of the lines.

On the other hand, it may be that the charm of the production lies in the music that accompanies it. I have read somewhere that this is very fine music indeed; but to a man like myself, who uses his ears chiefly for the purpose of supporting an old-fashioned pair of spectacles in a dim light, good music is never an effective substitute for a hearty laugh. I really think it would be better to have no humour at all than some of the boisterous attempts to be funny at all costs which are made by the comedians in this piece. Still, a play by children is always interesting; and the children in this piece are pretty and winning in their ways. Perhaps if the production were pulled together, and the "book" carefully brought up to date by someone who understands the public, *The Golden Land of Fairy Tales* might yet prove attractive to the Golden Land of Childhood. JINGLE

POTTED PANTOMIMES AT THE ALDWYCH: SOME CHARACTER SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

Registered design]

PARIS SHOWS



et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

THERE was a good deal of excitement among the audience at the Vaudeville recently. The author of the play, *Les Sauterelles*, is a patriot. But his uncomfortable method of patriotism is to show up the dark side of things. So the Frenchmen in the audience were arguing as hotly as I can imagine a first night audience arguing in a London theatre if Mr. Lloyd George and His Majesty's Ministers were shown upon the stage to be——. (Now, please! No English politics from Paris!—ED.) As I was saying, there was a good deal of discussion. A Frenchman near me was declaring with gesticulation that the play was all true, that it was a dirty Government, and that—and that—and that! Then a German voice was heard to murmur, above the tumult, as a German voice will, to a German friend, that this was a play to translate into German at once, and to make *viele tausend Mark mit* everywhere in Germany. His friend answered in French, with a strong German accent, that he was quite right. The play would be very popular in Germany because of its truth. The excitable little Frenchman who had been praising the play up the moment before, snapped at him like a sporting terrier at a rat. "The whole thing's an exaggeration," he cried, "but, of course, you Germans——!" Funny, wasn't it?

During the Entr'acte

COMTE ALBERT DE MUN

Who, on the 14th inst., made a telling speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, on the subject of the Franco-German agreement. "Diplomacy ought not to work in obscurity"—that was the keynote of the speech

Un Matche de Boxe

WE don't know very much about boxing in Paris yet, but we have ceased to look on kicking your adversary's teeth down his throat as a necessity of the art, and we are very learned in the use of the language of the ring. It is quite charming to hear and see dainty little ladies whisper soft nothings about upper cuts, knock-outs, and crosses, and illustrate the same with soft little hands and arms on which jewels nestle among the dimples and the powder. And the boxers, particularly the younger and better-looking ones, have quite a good time in Paris when they are not training. But that, as Mr. Kipling said—and, besides, THE BYSTANDER is a family paper. There had been a *matche de boxe* (it was very nearly a boxing-match), and there had been a good deal of excitement. I know nothing about the gentle art myself, so I cannot tell you whether the Frenchman gave the American *le knock-out avec un swinge* or not. (You must pronounce these words as though they were French words, please, "kkknock-oot," and "swainge.") Anyhow, the American was not the winner. There was immense enthusiasm. But one young man who had not seen very well (it was late in the evening, and the best places cost £4, too) thought that the American had won, and it annoyed him. He began to yell, excitedly, "Fool blov, fool blov!" Foul blow is what he meant. The crowd turned on him and rent him. An excited and beautifully dressed lady of the half world boxed his ears, and a friend of hers gave him his visiting-card. Then somebody a little calmer explained that it was the American, not the Frenchman, who had been "kkknock-oot." "Oh, *alors!*" said the pallid young Frenchman, returned the visiting-card to its owner, kissed the little lily-white hand with the manicured nails which had chastised him, and invited their owners to supper. Patriotism again. Funny, wasn't it?

The Peculiarity of French Patriotism

FOR it is a peculiarity of French patriotism, this belief that patriotism consists not so much in trying to make France the greatest country in the world as in asserting and maintaining that Frenchmen did and do everything first and best in the history of the world, that Frenchmen have invented everything worth inventing, that art is only really Art when it comes from Paris, and so forth. At home we admire foreigners and their works because they are foreign. In Paris we sometimes admire them *although* they are foreign. I was talking this out with a clever French friend over coffee one evening. "I am sure," I said, "that it must annoy you a good deal not to be able to assert that Adam was a Frenchman." "No," he said, "no. But Eve, now? She was French, I am sure." And I thought about the little affair with the serpent, told him that he was very likely right, and parted friends.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander in Berlin

"PEEVISHNESS—WITH—THE—EMPIRE": THE UNHAPPY BLUE-BLOODED

Humiliation

THE blue-blooded, haughty, Olympian officialdom and officerdom of Berlin are sorry Germany ever became an Empire. This un-Christmassy thought is provoked by the imminence of the season, a brief season which lasts only five weeks, but brings much humiliation to the blue-blooded, haughty Olympian officialdom and officerdom. The fact is, the penurious State pays the blue-blooded, etc., not enough to live on in normal times, and not half enough to live on during the season.

A National Disillusion

GERMANS have the unique word, *Reichsverdrossenheit*, which means, literally, Peevishness-with-the-Empire, and expresses the national disillusion that the Empire has not brought all it promised to bring. One of the things it has not brought is decent treatment for the blue-blooded, etc. In the days before the Empire, under the inglorious "German Bund," and the later "North German Bund," officialdom and officerdom bossed Berlin Society absolutely. True, they had little cash; but others had still less. With the Empire suddenly came trade-and-industry millionaires with Society aspirations; and gracious Kaisers gave these the dignified title Commercial Councillor, in return for which they edged officialdom and officerdom out of all the smart streets into the remote Charlottenburg suburb.

Herr Commercial Councillor

IN the old days officialdom and officerdom kept a one-horse carriage; and people without carriages stared open-mouthed at their extravagance. But now every Herr Commercial Councillor has three high-power automobiles, while unlucky officialdom, etc., goes on foot. And the sad result is that when the season approaches, officialdom and officerdom play no rôle at all. They invite you modestly to drink meagre glasses of pale, attenuated Rudesheimer, while Herr Commercial Councillor pours the best champagne brands down his inviteds' throats. Millionaires from Westphalia and Silesia monopolise Berlin's Park Lane, the Tiergartenstrasse; give the best entertainments; buy up the best theatre seats; and generally lord it in a way which is all the more striking because such rich landed aristocrats as Germany possesses very seldom keep town houses in the capital.

MARTIANS

As imagined by Herr Ernst Stern, the famous designer of theatrical attire. This young artist, of course, designed the costumes for "The Miracle" at Olympia

Two Societies

THE result is that there are two Societies, a poor official and a rich unofficial one, the first of which looks exceedingly distinguished, and the second of which merely has a gorgeous time. The extremes never meet, because the official society can't stand the racket. Prussian Ministers, living in one of Europe's dearest cities, get salaries of £1,500; the Imperial Postmaster-General gets only £1,500; of the other Imperial Ministers, Herr Kiderlen-Waechter is richest with £2,500, on which thin allowance he is expected to entertain M. Cambon into acquiescence. The other Imperial Ministers get only £2,200. The highest of the seventy salary classes paid in the Imperial service runs from £700 to £850; and there are officials in the Foreign Office whose deeds send Europe shaking who draw salaries of £500.

Suburban Quarters

The Commanding General of an Army Corps gets £1,500; the Inspector of Marine Infantry £500, and so on. Only the rarest official or officer has private means. The rent of a decent Berlin house would absorb their whole salary. So they migrate more and more to the middle-class suburbs, while in the seats of the mighty sit fat, fair-whiskered tradesmen of Leipzigerstrasse, who are very pleased that the Empire was created, because it brought trade, colonies, and other economically profitable things. But the sons of the statesmen and soldiers who made the same Empire do not see where they come in; and they sulk in their suburban quarters, suffering from *Reichsverdrossenheit*, and wish for the glorious days of hard-up Prussia when money counted for nothing at all (because there was none); while orders, spurs, and clanking swords counted for everything (because there were plenty).

Jealousy

NATURALLY, there is painful enmity and jealousy between the two classes, and Berlin Society has a sharp-cut division which no other Society knows. Herr Staatsminister cannot be on visiting terms with a Herr Commercial Councillor, who spends on his Christmas supper as much as Herr Staatsminister gets for threatening Europe with war for a whole year. And Herr Commercial Councillor resents what he calls Herr Staatsminister's pride. And since only the rarest German has both official rank and money, this makes the season very dull.

Pantomime Stars

in London and the Provinces

Photograph *Hana Studios*

MISS DAISY DORMER

Who plays the Queen in "Hop-o'-my-Thumb" at Drury Lane Theatre

PANTOMIME STARS

IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

MISS MARGARET SWALLOW
Cinders in the Bradford Pantomime

MISS CRESSIE LENNARD
Principal Boy in "Puss in Boots" at Liverpool

MISS VIOLET LORAINE
This Year's Drury Lane Boy ("Hop-o'-My-Thumb)

MISS GLADYS IVERY
Principal Girl at the Marlborough

MISS TOPSIE SU[illegible]EN
Principal Girl at Glasgow [illegible] "Jack Horner"

MISS DAISY STRATTON
Principal Girl of the *Bristol Pantomime*

MISS MAIE ASH
Principal Girl at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith ("Alladin")

MISS DOROTHY WARD
"Jack Horner" at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow

MISS FLORENCE IVY
Principal Girl at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham ("Forty Thieves")

MISS VIOLET STOCKELLE
Principal Girl at the Cardiff Theatre ("Puss in Boots")

MISS ETTIE CRITCHLEY
Principal Girl of the Bournemouth Pantomime

MISS KITTY COLYER AND MISS MAY BEATTY
Principal Girl and Boy in "Dick Whittington" at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross

MISS AIMEE ROBERTS
Principal Boy at the Royal Theatre, Manchester

Photographs of Miss Topsie Sinden by Bacon and Sons; Miss Ettie Critchley, Lambert, Weston and Sons; Miss Cressie Lennard, Middlebrook; Miss Violet Loraine, Miss Kitty Colyer, and Miss May Beatty, Campbell-Gray; Miss Dorothy Ward and Miss Maie Ash, Foulsham and Banfield; Miss Daisy Stratton, Dover Street Studios; Miss Violet Stockelle, Hana Studios

PANTOMIME STARS

IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

(Continued)

Photograph Hana Studios
MISS NELLIE WIGLEY
Principal Boy at the Prince's Theatre, Glasgow

MISS MINNA LOVE
Principal Boy in "Humpty-Dumpty" at the Wimbledon Theatre

MISS MILDRED PARR
Principal Girl in "Babes in the Wood" at the Gaiety, Dublin

Photograph Hana Studios
MISS CICELY LOWE
She plays the White Cat, at the Broadway, New Cross

MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON
Dick Whittington at the Shakespeare Clapham Junction

Photograph J. W. Debenham
MISS NAN STUART
Principal Girl in "Dick Whittington" at the Lyceum

Photograph Dover St. Studios
MISS NORA GUY
Principal Girl in the Edinburgh Pantomime

Photograph Ellis and Walery
MISS DAISY BRAY
Cinderella at the Kennington

MISS QUEENIE ESSEX
Cinderella at the Grand Theatre, Brighton

MISS IRENE MELDON
Principal Girl in "Sinbad the Sailor" at Theatre Royal, Sheffield

Photograph Hana Studios
MISS EDNA MORGAN
Principal Boy in "Humpty Dumpty" at Newcastle

MISS EMILIE HAYES
Goody in "Mother Hubbard" at Liverpool

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

THE MUSIC-HALLS OF EUROPE: ENGLAND'S EASY LEAD

Music-Halls

Wandering about Europe as I do, for no particular reason, but certainly going from end to end of the western part of our continent, I am apt to arrive somewhere late in the evening; and then I go to a music-hall. I have been to music-halls in most conceivable, and many inconceivable, places. In Sangatte; under the shadow of the Vatican; in Luxembourg, which is an independent and sovereign State of about the size of, and exactly resembling, Putney. I have been to music-halls in Paris, in Berlin, in Brussels, and in Amsterdam; in big towns, and in towns so small that they consisted of two hotels and a bathing-machine. So, upon the international aspect of these places of entertainment, I feel that I can speak with some authority. And, as I have never been to a music-hall in my life without paying for a seat, on what is called, I think, "paper," I think I can write of these homes for tired and vacuous hours with some impartiality. I desire also to pay one tribute.

A Reverential Attitude

The Englishman has the best music-halls in the world, and officially he regards them with contempt. But, since there are 600—or is it 6,000, or 60,000, or 600,000?—music-halls in London, I presume that his private feelings are different. (With regard to the figures I have just given, I know it is something beginning with a six, but I am not strong at figures, and I leave it at that.) The Englishman has the best music-halls in the world, and the Englishman makes the best music-hall audience in the world. He is attentive, kind, enthusiastic, and at times almost reverential, as if he were attending a religious ceremony. I went last night to an immense, frightfully respectable, and quite cheap palace of varieties. I had not been to a music-hall for quite a long time—for nearly ten days, the last occasion being in Turin, where I had to wait three hours for a train. So I thought I might have forgotten all about them. In this rushing world ten days is a long time. And last night I found that I really had forgotten something—that reverential attitude of the audience. It was extraordinarily moving. I am constantly being abused for my want of patriotism; but I am a foreigner, so that the abuse does not much worry me. In the land of which I am a domiciled subject, there is only one music-hall—yes, in the whole country there is only one music-hall. Generally it contains fourteen people, who sit with their backs, as a rule, to the stage and drink lager beer out of formidable jugs, whilst they discuss Anglo-Saxon Philology, being students at the local university. So that, in the matter of music-halls, Great Britain very easily beats my own amiable country absolutely hollow. We have no reverence—literally none—for the performers upon the stage.

The Girl in the Eton Jacket

Last night it was very different. The large, gilded, respectable house was absolutely packed. An elegant but plump young lady in an Eton jacket, grey trousers, and a silk hat well on the back of her head, came on and sang a song to the effect that it is dangerous to be in Piccadilly in your best clothes and without a gun. She retired. She was applauded. The band played some music. She returned dressed as a private in the Life Guards Red, and she sang a song that explained that she did not mind if she never got promoted to corporal so long as she had a little girl to cuddle. She retired; she was applauded some more; the band played again. And then an extraordinary thing happened. The band seemed to be playing an ordinary tune, and suddenly the large, respectable house appeared to go mad. I did not know the tune myself, and I asked my neighbour why he was excited. He said that the song was called "Following the Something or Other," but I could not catch what it was.

The House Joins In

Then the lady reappeared. This time she was in faultless gentleman's evening dress. But the silk hat was now much further on the back of her head, and she staggered when she walked. Once more she gave the house good advice. She said that if you had occasion to return home very early in the morning, it was better not to take a train, or a tube, or a hansom, or any form of vehicle. But she said—and she insisted upon it—that you must follow the tram-lines. That was the song—"Follow the Tram-lines Homewards." She sang it loudly and clearly; and then an extraordinary thing happened—extraordinary for a foreigner like myself. The lady stopped behind the footlights, her hands deep in her trousers' pockets, swaying slightly. And she opened her mouth. But no sound came from it. There was no need. Deeply, reverentially, religiously, with a moving note from beneath all their breaths, the entire great, respectable house was singing, "Follow the Tram-lines Homewards."

The Best of Everything

It was a most extraordinary affair. In my own country fourteen people nightly can be found to pay performers—(15*s.* a month is what the performers there get)—fourteen people can be found to attend these exhibitions. And they sit with their

backs to the stage and don't listen. That appears eccentric. In Rome about a thousand people nightly go to the music-hall, and *they* read newspapers all the time. That appears, perhaps, more eccentric. But that British audiences should pay a lady six thousand pounds a week to sing to them, and that they should then do the singing themselves, that really does seem to me to beat everything. Moreover, they appear to enjoy it. They applauded with vastly more enthusiasm when they had done singing than ever they did when Miss Hetty King—such was the lady's name—had finished singing by herself. Yes, it is strange. And yet, again, it is not. For in England you have the best music-halls in the world; you have the best performers; you have the best audiences. I am tempted to say that the music-hall is the best thing that England produces, but that might be regarded as another insult, so I withdraw it. And yet I do not know. For on the part of both performer and audience, the music-hall calls for certain very British characteristics. It calls forth, too, good-humour, kindliness, cheerfulness, and a certain spirit that we are accustomed to call "cricket." The relations between such a singer as I have described and her house is really one of the pleasantest things in the world, and one most nearly resembling the spirit of a really good cricket team. The singer stands behind the footlights. She waves her top-hat forward as if she were a huntsman encouraging on the hounds, and she says: "Do your best, boys"; and they do do their best. Everybody in the house sings between his or her teeth in gentle, modest, but enthusiastic tones, "Follow the Tram-lines Homewards," or "I'm Following in Father's Footsteps." It is very touching. It really is.

Popular English Girls

And this national manifestation penetrates the whole western part of our continent. Wherever you go, whether it is Amsterdam, or the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, or my Grand Duchy where the audience numbers fourteen, there is always a little troupe of English girls. I do not know how many of them there must be upon the Continent. But in the last two months I have seen five. One at Olympia in Paris, one at the Coliseum in Giessen, one at Schumann's Theatre in Frankfürt, one at the Apollo Theatre in Rome, and one in the music-hall, whose name I do not know, in Turin, where I was waiting for a train. In Giessen there were five, in Paris fourteen, in Rome twelve. And they were all alike, all built to pattern; they all had fresh voices quite untrained, with the little Cockney nasal accent. They all sang silly little songs about honeysuckle, or tomtits, or moonlight, or sitting under the same umbrella with a "feller," and they all afterwards kicked their nimble little legs about, or pranced round the stage like high-stepping horses, holding each other's waists. And the fourteen gentlemen of Hessen-Damstadt put down their beer-mugs, and the large audience of Olympia at Paris stop their ceaseless conversation, and the audience at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, look up from their newspapers—just because those silly, simple, innocent, youthful creatures are making pleasant, disciplined fools of themselves, singing songs in a language nobody in the audience can possibly understand, and kicking their legs about without any kind of training, but quite agreeably.

An Inexplicable Phenomenon

That, of course, is a very singular phenomenon. It is almost inexplicable, unless we search more deeply in the human heart than these articles give scope for. There must be something in the odd, mixed, innocently unthinking and innocently uncritical race that the Anglo-Saxons are—something that appeals to all the musical races of the world. I cannot otherwise explain it. It must obviously be a sort of national lovableness, and it really goes to extreme lengths. For, in these foreign countries, any sort of song and dance artists have just got to be English. They may be ladies with the trying accents of New York or Boston, or they may be Frankfürt Jewesses singing English songs in broken German accents. But on the programme they have to be called English, or the audience will not begin to listen; and if they are not English when they appear, for all they may have put on flaxen wigs, the audience do not listen for more than a minute, and the performers do not, in what I believe to be a technical phrase, "get a hand." (I am informed at this moment that it would be still more technical to say "that they *do* get the bird," which, I am still further informed, means that they get "chucked.") Anyhow, I have paid my tribute to these pleasant and unknown young creatures who in different and weary portions of this large globe have given me several hours of pleasure, and I will confess, too, to several hours of real *nostalgia*. Because, in the Via Nazionale, which is in Rome, they have seemed to make me see suddenly, but very clearly, the Strand, with all the lights of life and all the carriages moving, and all the whistles blowing for cabs, and all the air full of that fresh, pleasant, slightly nasal Cockney accent that one really longs to hear sometimes where they speak better and more rational language with better and more rational accents. And I cannot remember the name of any one of these performers, except that four of Hessen-Damstadt were called "The Frühlingskinder"—the children of spring—and that their pay was 15*s*. a month over and above their board and residence. So I expect they have their rough times, too, poor dears; I wish they did not.

Three-Fifths Boredom

A music-hall, in fact, is a most ideal place if you can afford a comfortable seat and if you are tired. I think English music-halls might be improved, if it were the custom to take newspapers into them as it is in Rome. Because, of course, three-fifths of the programme is sheer boredom. But the newspaper would not do for the English audience; it is too kind-hearted and too polite. It would not like to be seen reading a paper, because it would dishearten the poor person upon the stage. That, too, is very nice. And, of course, one can talk. The last time I went to an English music-hall I took a German Professor of Philology with me, and during the ballet, which represented Cinderella, he explained to me learnedly, and at great length, that this story is descended from the myth of "The Judgment of Paris," or from that of "The Golden Bough." I forget which. So, you see, I got both pleasure and instruction from that entertainment. But I suppose we could not always, each of us, take to a music-hall, instead of a newspaper, a German Professor of Philology.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

A Peep Over a Precipice

AT MÜRREN—NOW A POPULAR WINTER RESORT

Photograph *Ward Muir*

THE EIGER AND THE JUNGFRAU PRECIPICES FROM MÜRREN

One of the most impressive scenes in the Alps, and especially so in winter. Mürren is the newest of the Alpine pleasure resorts, and is famous not only for its extraordinarily dramatic surroundings, but for its excellent skating rink. It is the "dernier cri" among Society folk in search of relaxation in the Swiss Paradise of snow and ice

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

It May Happen Again

If Mr. Charles Hawtrey were to dress up as a fifteenth-century French courtier, and were solemnly to tell the truth through four acts of a Dumas play, most of his audience would get up from their seats and walk out of the theatre, feeling that they had been brought there under false pretences. In a similar way, most of Mr. William de Morgan's readers seem to have been angry and disappointed when a book of his, published some little time ago, dealt not with an Early Victorian suburb as it ought to have done, but with the Stuart period. In an amusing "Apology in Confidence," placed at the end of his new novel, Mr. de Morgan complains of the unfair position in which he has been placed, more particularly as there seems some doubt about the comparative merits of the two kinds of books which he has written. In order to satisfy everyone, he endeavoured to formulate a new plan, and in *A Likely Story* (Heinemann: 6*s*.) we have the result of his cogitations.

The Stories

There is a story of a painter and his wife who quarrel and rejoice in one of the Earliest Victorian aunts who could be discovered. Then there is the story of a girl in love with a soldier who loses his arm in South Africa. And to connect the two, and, incidentally, to show everyone in general and the "reviewer-fellow," *i.e.*, myself, in particular, that Mr. de Morgan can write to suit all tastes, there is a third story about a painter and a duchess he loved, and of the portrait he painted of her four or five hundred years ago. This is told, in approved mediæval fashion, by the portrait itself, which delicately intrudes into the lives of the people in the other stories. I cannot pretend to criticise the book. The eternal *Oratio Obliqua in Vernacula* occasionally worried me, but certain deft points in craftsmanship aroused my admiration. On the whole, I enjoyed the "Apology" more than the novel.

MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS
Who is to play Kitty Verden in "Charley's Aunt" at the Whitney Theatre, opening Boxing night. She is, of course, the daughter of the author of the play

Fleet Street and a Marriage

One used to hear that novels about novelists were looked on, by publishers, at any rate, with suspicion, but, as a matter of fact, you can seldom take up a novel to-day without finding that at least one of the characters either has written a book or wishes that he or she could. This, perhaps, is not altogether very extraordinary, but few novels deal solely with authors and journalists. One of the best books of the kind is Philip Gibbs's *The Street of Adventure*, published two years ago, and now Mr. J. Keighley Snowden has written *The Free Marriage* (Stanley Paul: 6*s*.), which more or less concerns the fortunes of three people connected with a halfpenny daily newspaper. Mr. Snowden's book is far slighter than Mr. Gibbs's—but it is not, perhaps, fair to compare the two, for the central idea of *The Free Marriage* appears in its title. Dick Jerrold and his wife Marjory have determined that marriage is not in their case to be the dreadful tie it can so easily become. They are both to be free to go their own ways, if anything should happen to suggest such a course. This something occurs when Dick resolves to sever his connection with the paper, owing to his refusal to write just what Hirst, the proprietor, desires. Marjory is angry and disappointed, more especially as she is herself about to work under Hirst. Dick goes away into the country to write a novel, and Marjory is given an important post on a woman's paper which her employer is just starting. She enjoys her independence for a time, but Hirst, who is in love with her, goes too far, and she follows her husband's lead. The reconciliation at the end may be inevitable, but it is by no means tamely brought about, and the whole book is carefully and wisely written.

German Life

Gerald Maxwell's new novel, *By Right Divine* (Grevel: 6*s*.), reads like a translation from the German, which may in this case be taken for praise. It is a sincere and widely comprehensive survey of life in Germany to-day, and more particularly concerns the varying fortunes of two brothers, Conrad and Dietrich von Altsperg. Conrad, a lawyer, is in love with a girl belonging to a distinguished family which has remained sympathetic to the Hanoverian dynasty, and Dietrich, a soldier, comes into unfortunate contact with the police over some gambling scandal, of the kind about which Reuter occasionally sends disappointingly short accounts to the English newspapers. The novel in parts is exciting, but it is far too long.

RALPH STRAUS

The Wasters

A NEARLY EXTINCT LONDON TYPE
Sketched well in the rear of the Strand by Norman Morrow

The Unique Work of a Young Artist

IMAGINATIVE DRAWINGS BY MISS PHYLLIS VERE CAMPBELL

"POOR HENRIETTE"

An admirable specimen of Miss Campbell's humorous work

"EVE ASHAMED"

A delicate, thoughtful painting, which shows the purely romantic side of Miss Campbell's choice of subjects

UNCOMMON everywhere, the art of the "grotesque" is most uncommon in the North; the highest expression of it seems to have died with the carvings of the Middle Ages and the miracle plays of the dawn of drama, and only to have survived in the coarsened personal and limited caricatures of the eighteenth century. Aubrey Beardsley evolved for himself a wonderful, if narrow, art in this sphere. There have been few others with the genuine gift, though a strained distortion and a purposeless strangeness have often been affected by artists with no real gift for what they ape.

This extraordinarily baffling and wilful genius is shown in the work of a very young English artist, Miss Phyllis Vere Campbell, whose quite remarkable drawings illustrate this article. It is, above all things, fantastic that an art, in itself so rare and curious, should find complete expression in the performance of a young girl, whose own very feminine temperament colours her work scarcely at all, and whose gift of satire, of keen observation, of strange pathos and heartless horror combined to that one effect of arresting terror that is the very height of the grotesque, is so deep-seated and strong as to be almost unconscious and displayed with the ease of careless accomplishment. Miss Campbell owes her sound, graceful, and expressive technique largely, of course, to the training of art schools, where she has already put in much of that hard work without which no gift is useful; but, in a great measure, the expression is the direct outcome of the ideas, and there is no line of hers that has not its meaning, no colour that does not go to explain the motive of the conception. In cases of the exceptional, one is tempted to ask "whence comes it?" The answer to such a question regarding Miss Campbell's great gift would be given by the voice of reason in no uncertain tone—"heredity." With the

"DEATH AND THE DOCTORS"

Two skeletons are seated at a table still arguing over a bottle of medicine; a fleshless corpse lies on the bed; the room has fallen into ruins; through the open door is a glimpse of an overgrown garden, and livid toadstools are growing over the quilt and floor, while bindweed falls from the posts of the bed

authoress of "The Problem of Prejudice" and "Render unto Cæsar" as her mother, and Miss Marjorie Bowen, who wrote that wonderful Renaissance romance, "The Viper of Milan," as a sister, what wonder can there be that this young girl should grow up to see a nether meaning in the life which surrounded her and in the ages which have passed.

Miss Campbell has been expressing herself by means of her pencil ever since she could hold one. As a very small child she transcribed fancies of romance and dread on to odd scraps of paper, and long before she commenced the ordinary art training she was well schooled in the use of her material. The result of this long practice in the expression of a natural genius could have been seen in the first exhibition Miss Campbell has given, which was held at the Doré Gallery not long ago. Originality of conception is the one governing power that has developed this young girl's gift, and placed her on a plane entirely by herself.

FRANK VERNON

"OPIUM"

A remote and coldly fascinating vision of the East, India and Egypt, bearing down on the figure of the opium-eater, whose bed is being swept into the dreamy phantasmagoria of dread, inspired possibly by the prose of Thomas de Quincey

The Condemned Cell

BY E. A. MORROW

"The Governor was strong upon
The Regulations Act:
The Doctor said that Death was but
A scientific fact:
And twice a day the Chaplain called
And left a little tract"

From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LADY HILLIARY'S CHRISTMAS

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

A TALE OF A DRAMATIC SITUATION

LADY HILLIARY ran her pink manicured finger-tips along the edge of the white marble mantelpiece. Firelight from below blazed up and burst into rainbow colours against the ramparts of her rings.

"Brat," she said slowly, looking towards the man in the chair, "I'm tired. I've got a big, lonely feeling like the Sahara Desert under my apron-strings, and it refuses to be quiet."

In a modern story the man in the chair ought to be some other woman's husband and Lady Hilliary someone else's wife. But that wasn't the case at all. Brat was Lord Hilliary, and Lady Hilliary was his first wife—without any complications. The man in the chair tunnelled his elbows deeper into the soft cushions and flicked the decadent ash from a moral cigarette.

"Nothing more than a woman's yearning for the unattainable. If it breaks out at Christmas it's a tiara, and if at Easter it's Paquin's latest model."

She smiled down at him, and looked happily serious.

"You can tiara unto me, but I will not dance, and Paquin, but I will not hobble. It's something quite beyond these two 'unnatural women.'"

She curved towards the mantelpiece, and lit a cigarette with delicate precision. The grey trails of smoke wandered undecidedly towards the low-beamed ceiling, touched it, and wandered away in a hundred little grey ghosts of nothingness.

"I want a sense of the dramatic for my Christmas present," she said at last.

"Actress," he murmured under his breath.

"I think that's what I miss," she went on slowly. "When you married me, I *was* an actress. Full of situations, which, though mere play-acting, were at least exciting. Overcome by emotions good, bad, and indifferent that turned individual me into a sort of house-party, where I could entertain them all. Hence the lonely Sahara Desert feeling."

"'And finding the house swept and garnished he took with him seven other devils more wicked than himself,'" quoted her husband, half closing his eyes and stretching his legs towards the glow of the fire.

"I don't want devils," she said with determination. "It's easy enough to recruit them from the men one knows. I want something dramatic to happen. A little crisis all of my own, and it's so difficult to have that if you are in love with your own husband."

"Don't believe it," he said, smiling behind his hand. "Your sort of man owns a snow-white profile and a set of English lake eyes. Smiles like a St. Bernard, wears a rose-coloured tie, and can tell why Shelley began to write and the precise reason he left off."

"A man only leaves off when a woman finds him out," she said.

"And a man only leaves off when a woman does him in."

"We're wandering, dear." She settled the pearl comb in her hair with one clever movement of her hand. "I want to talk of something dramatic, and you ramble on about white profiles and pale poetry."

"You might tell Tredson to give the cook notice; all the picture papers guarantee that a sure receipt for prompt and passionate melodrama." She gave a small frown and a smaller stamp of her foot.

"Won't you turn me from home in a plaid shawl, carrying my marriage licence and the family jewels? Can't I be denounced at the village Christmas tree by a long-lost husband in a fur coat and brown boots? Can't you take away my pearls in front of the servants and say I am not worthy to wear them?"

"Impossible," he said. "First of all, you can't go out in the snow just tea-gowned, and, secondly, you're the only woman in all the world who ought to wear pearls; you just keep 'em."

She swung away from the fire with a little burst of laughter.

"What will you do for me?" she demanded.

"Kiss you," he said.

And it was so.

. . . . . .

"There ought to be some special religious ceremony to start a house-party," Lady Hilliary was saying as she bent over the silver chaos of the tea-tray. "A bishop to authorise the scandal and a minor canon to sanctify all minor misdeeds."

A woman in purple chiffon gave a shrill titter and rattled her teaspoon noisily.

"I should think, dear, the proper mode of procedure would be for the hostess to lay a foundation-stone and announce the drawing-room, library, and billiard-room open to her guests."

"Laying foundation-stones," drawled a colourless boy with a pale moustache, "always sounds like something to do with poetry. I'm sure that's what makes Royalty so anæmic."

They were lounging in the hall, well-dressed models of lazy content, and the deep peace of tea-time was upon them like a garment. Long, restful shadows of winter twilight came and went across the deep-tinted rugs like unbidden guests, and grouped themselves in the dimness of the window seats.

The Duchess of Donchaster, a tall woman with brick-dust complexion and a mouth like an unfinished villa, closed her cigarette-case with an abrupt "ting" of sound.

"My dear Tids," she said, blinking hard at the colourless boy, "your facial tint does not go with your Socialistic ideas. Take to rouge, like one or two men I know, and be faithful to the nobility." She gave a little laugh, sighed, rubbed her rings, and handed her empty cup to the butler. Mrs. Amend, the woman in purple chiffon, stirred among her cushions and waked as though from a long winter sleep.

"We began about house-parties, and now the

(All rights strictly reserved)

conversation has been led astray by everybody. The charm about this house is that we haven't got to 'bunch.' The verb is my own private property. It signifies clustering before and after meals."

Lady Hilliary crossed a pair of faultlessly satined feet and looked up. "Tea is always more sociable with a few. In crowds I always come away picked out with sandwich crumbs and a dado of teacake around my veil."

At the far end of the long hall a door banged, and Lord Hilliary, followed by another man, sauntered slowly down towards the firelight. His wife slipped lazily out of her chair, came towards them, and stopped abruptly.

"Nan," said Lord Hilliary, "I've brought Dreening down for Christmas. He's weary of theatre-land, and wants a change. Take him under your wing and comfort him with currant-buns, for he is sick of stage love."

The best-looking man in London bowed over Lady Hilliary's hand, and the glad uncertainty of the firelight flicked across his face like a flag.

"Charmed," she murmured.

And for a few moments the shrill babble of introductions took possession of everything.

The Duchess of Donchaster surveyed Dreening critically through her lorgnettes, and folded her hands complacently. Mrs. Amend openly made eyes at him, and set her empire curls in his direction. Tiddy Heath, the colourless boy, took mental stock of his clothes, and Lady Hilliary's hands fluttered in and out among the tea-things.

"I hope we can talk theatre to you, Mr. Dreening," said the Duchess, after a momentary pause; "I am quite modern enough to class your profession with the high arts."

"It is elevated at once by your kind opinion, Duchess." Dreening's voice sounded like something very strong coming from some very deep, sweet place. Lady Hilliary looked up.

"I rather revel in having been on the stage," she said; "it's such an education."

The Duchess rose abruptly and laid desperate hands on Mrs. Amend and Tiddy Heath. "The conversation is above me," she chuckled. "Once bring up the word education and I am as the grass of the field."

"Did the Queen of Sheba have no more strength left in her?" ventured Mrs. Amend.

"Over what she saw, not what she heard," said Tiddy Heath. "She wasn't at all modern, and wore most outrageous frocks."

The Duchess chuckled again and led them away:

Two in the firelight
Is always the rule,
And anyone over
Is more than a fool.

she quoted, and the two in the firelight, hearing her, laughed.

. . . . . .

Lady Hilliary chalked her cue, and leaned in a professional attitude across the green expanse of the billiard-table. The click of the balls was like miniature revolver shots.

"There," she said, with a little gasp of relief as the ball shot into the pocket, "I told you it could be done, and by a mere woman, too."

Dreening gave a slight tug to his waistcoat and smiled indulgently. "It's always the mere women in life who do everything," he said.

"Is that meant for sarcasm?" she questioned; "because if so, it's quite lost on me. I always think of sarcasm as something a bitter woman would have said if she had thought of it first."

He laughed and sank indolently down on the cushioned softness of a divan. "Didn't know you knew any bitter women."

"Heaps," she said with conviction. "They're the women you have to kiss, but would much prefer to bite. Personally, I loathe tasting complexions. It's a wonder that women who kiss each other don't die of lead poisoning."

"Perhaps they do," he said hopefully. "I think it's the face often and not the pace that kills."

"What a cheap remark. Sounds like something stolen from the conversational rubbish-heap of a two-shilling novel."

He leaned a little towards her as she spoke. "Teach me something better," he pleaded. "The Ten Commandments or the Thirty-nine Articles, whatever you will."

"When a man begs a woman for knowledge how very wise that man must be. I've forgotten both. The Commandments don't go with the way I do my hair, and the Thirty-nine Articles always sound like unmentionable things on a laundry list."

They were alone in the big room, and the sound of rain beat against the window like the clapping of many little hands. She half turned, and looked at the greyness outside. What a soft-satined existence she led, and how unutterably far away the old life seemed. The bruised gentility she had lived in. The paltry contrivances and pretences. Things that had once been matters of grave importance were now seen to by her servants. Everything was simple and easy. Every day was a straight road starred with little inns of pleasant things to do, to eat, and to wear. She could look down the long length of that road to where a cushioned chair of happy old age waited for her coming. And yet—when a woman thinks of happiness, wealth, or love there are only two ways that she brings those thoughts to a close. One is to say "but" and leave a long pause after it. The other is "and yet," which holds more tragedy than a "might-have-been."

"I raise the proverbial twopence for your thoughts to a pound," he said at last.

She started nervously. "It sounds as though you were forming me into a limited liability company. Do you want to count my teeth before you bring out a prospectus?"

"I want to know what you were thinking about."

"Life," she said. "Life with a capital 'L.' Wondering if atmosphere is honestly worth taking in, and why——." She stopped and looked at him. Yes, certainly he was handsome. The Duchess was right when she said he was the sort of man to live in the country with, and darn socks and grow geraniums. The combination sounded very alluring. Here was her chance for the dramatic. Something beyond perfect dinners and a too perfect husband. She liked Dreening already, and she would go on liking him more and even possibly more than that. Why hadn't she noticed before that his shoulders were like a nice mountain range?

"I wonder if you are honestly happy?"

(Continued on page 714)

A Glorious Gorge

THOUGH NOT OF THE KIND USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH CHRISTMAS

Photograph *American Colony, Jerusalem*

Contrary to general belief there are many beauty-spots around that desolate body of water, the Red Sea. Our photograph depicts the magnificent gorge of the River Arnon, which contains, according to explorers, the finest natural scenery in Palestine. The sides of the cañon rise perpendicularly about 300 ft., and are only about 20 ft. in some places. The cliffs are of hard sandstone, and are of exquisite hues, the colours depending upon the position of the sun. Attention has been called to this strange body of water by the coming despatch of a German expedition to explore it. This is being sent out by the Palestine Exploration Society of Berlin

(Continued from page 712)

She didn't answer him at once. Should she snub him at once or go on with the game?

"Happy?" she repeated. "I suppose no woman is really quite happy. She wouldn't be a woman if she was. I sometimes agree with the Duchess, and want to darn socks and grow geraniums."

"Whose socks, and what kind of geraniums?" He was quite close to her now, and a frightened little thrill of pleasure ran through her.

"Who darns yours?" she asked slowly. "A woman once spoke of you as not particularly clever, but stated the fact you had more socks than any man in London."

His hand closed over hers, strong, warm, and potent of she knew not what. Her fingers fluttered for a moment like a captive bird. He stood up, and at that moment Tiddy Heath's high, heady voice trilled from the doorway. "You two in the twilight. What a divine chance for a new scandal." He switched on the lights and sauntered over to them. Lady Hilliary smiled vaguely. "You've been powdering, Tids, and you also smell like a broken-down harem. What, in heaven's name, have you been using?"

"Powder," he confessed; "of course I have, because I won't allow my nose to shine in Society. As to the scent, I've been reading one of Bobbie Hichens's books, and put this stuff on to get local colour. Where's Hilliary?"

"Ratting," said Dreening, with a wave of his hand. "Gathering up the remains in twelve basketfuls and getting the terriers in a horrible muddy condition."

Tiddy Heath gave a sniff of supreme contempt. "How have the mighty fallen. Hilliary ratting! I loathe white ferrets, too. They always look like a woman's long glove, and have the most vindictive profiles of any animal going."

The rain had stopped, and a pale, undecided gleam of sunset struggled for a moment out of the greyness and then faded helplessly away. Tiddy Heath watched it, whistled in an aimless way, and drifted out of the room, leaving half the spices of Araby behind him. They both watched him go, and then looked at each other in complete silence.

"Can you care for me a little?" Dreening said at last. "Care for me more than you do for most men?" He had caught her hand again, and she was glad to be a happy prisoner.

"I don't quite know what I feel for you." There was a world of perplexity in her voice. "It seems so odd, because—because I'm married. Perhaps if I wasn't I would know."

He made a gesture with his free hand, and looked into her eyes. "Does it matter what way you care for me so long as you do care?"

She stood up, and he released her hand very, very slowly.

"Life is going too easily, too smoothly," she said, looking at him. "I don't seem to be living at all. My emotions are like pampered children—too spoilt for the real things of everyday existence. Perhaps my caring for you will alter all this. Who knows?"

She walked towards the door, and he stood watching her.

"Yes, who knows?" she repeated, as she went out.

. . . . .

"I want to speak to you." Lord Hilliary's voice was rather harsh.

His wife turned at the door and came back. She had felt irritable all the evening, and her husband's manner only accentuated the feeling.

"Well," she said, turning a long marquise ring on her little finger slowly round and round, "what do you want to say?"

"Aren't you and Dreening spending too much of your time together?"

She gave a queer little laugh.

"So you've taken up the rôle of jealous husband after all. I can't say it suits you very well."

"Just now it's not a question of what suits me, but what suits my wife; and what appears to suit her isn't my line of country at all."

"Heavens," she said, "what a complex explanation. What are you going to do about it? Lock me up on one meal a day, or evict Mr. Dreening two days before Christmas?"

Her husband inhaled his cigarette thoughtfully, and stared at her with half-closed eyes. "Do," he repeated; "nothing as yet, but I shall take up a very old political dodge and wait and see."

Something like a great coldness came over her. "You've never spoken to me like this before," she said, in a quick, hard voice. "To-night you don't seem to be the man I married at all. You're just a stranger full of cutting little things. You brought Mr. Dreening here. He's your friend, and I have only been pleasant and polite to him for your sake. I am beginning to wonder whether you are going to turn out a snob like so many of your set." She was suddenly vaguely conscious of a dim sense of pleasure in what she said. Her rôle now was that of a woman on the defensive. She had acted it so often before in front of thousands that now she fell into a theatrical pose before the only person she was acting for—her husband. He still stood staring at her; then, with a half-muttered exclamation, flung his cigarette into the fireplace.

"I leave the entire matter in your hands," his eyes wandered away from her as he spoke; "you know what I expect of my wife and the social code I insist on her living up to. That is all I have to say."

There was a surging storm of emotion now at her heart, and it lashed out in a wild wave of words. "But it isn't all I have to say. I'm sick to death of polite ways and polite people. I'm tired of being muzzled with a title and tied down by the endless length of your perfect pedigree. I think my heart's been turned into an engagement-book, and my mind into a dinner-table. There isn't a single day——" Her voice died away to a whisper and died across the last word.

"Very well," he said, "I quite understand." Then he turned on his heel and left the room. She heard him go past her and the soft closing of the door; after that she heard nothing but the beating of her own heart. It beat as it used to in the old days of painted canvas and glaring footlights. It seemed to spring up into her throat and strive to face the world without her and alone. Then everything came to a sudden end. Realisation of existing things as they were came back with a sickening throb. She had lost him now, and knowing that she loved him as she had never loved before. Lost him for what? An afternoon of stupid flirtation and ten moments of cheap theatrical emotion. She opened the door.

(Continued on page 716)

Winter Sports? Well, Hardly!

PICTURES REMINDING US THAT SNOW IS NOT ALWAYS A BLESSING

Photographs *G.P.U.*

Both these pictures are very attractive, of course, but he would be a bold man who would declare his preference for the reality. Winter in Canada is always picturesque, but from the traffic point of view excruciatingly annoying. In the top picture a steam snow-plough is seen at work, and below a horse-driven sleigh is carrying timber to a destination, where, no doubt, it is eagerly awaited

(Continued from page 714)

Tiddy Heath's vapid laughter drifted up from the billiard room, and the Duchess was holding a high massacre of Chaminade on the grand piano. Everyone else was alive. They were going on with life in their usual way, but she herself was standing amid the wreck and ruin of hers. Her husband's valet passed her. He carried a bag. She knew she would not speak to him, and immediately did so.

"Preston!"

The man turned with the neck bow of his class.

"The bag—Preston?" she said, quietly, staring at it.

"His Lordship leaves for town immediate, milady."

She watched him down the long hall, then slipped like a ghost into her room and locked the door.

. . . . .

"Actors always behave like that," said Tiddy Heath, drawing up his knees and leaning his head against the arm of Lady Hilliary's chair; "they're all parts and partings."

Lady Hilliary bit through the corner of a most expensive handkerchief and said nothing.

"I like his shoulders, but his cuff-links were the abomination of desolation. You don't mean to say you cared for him?" Tiddy Heath screwed his head round at an impossible angle and peered up at her.

"Cared for him!" she stormed. "I don't care for men built on the lines of the Village Blacksmith and the manners of—a—I don't know what."

"But why did he leave?" insisted Tiddy.

Lady Hilliary shrugged her shoulders and looked most foreignly fascinating. "How do I know. You saw his note. Hilly took him off to London last night, and Tiddy Heath, if you have an ounce of affection, keep my secret. Hilly and I have had a furious row, and it's going to come to something utterly terrible. Perhaps divorce!"

Tiddy gave a long, tuneless whistle. "So it was Dreening after all."

Lady Hilliary nodded convulsively, and the ragged handkerchief made a hasty pilgrimage towards her eyes. "And, oh Tids," she gasped, "I love Hilly more than ever. My life's done, and——" Tiddy Heath got up and gathered her into his arms.

"No one will be jealous of me," he said soothingly. "I'm not serious enough, and a woman never loves a man who powders. Just have a good old howl."

And Lady Hilliary, after confessing all, did what she was told. She howled.

. . . . .

She shook out a long, slender stocking of black silk and surveyed the pile of red-ribboned packages on the bed. It was Christmas Eve—in fact, almost Christmas morning.

"If he never comes back," she whispered tearfully to herself, "it's all my own fault; but I'll fill his stocking anyway."

One by one the packages were slipped into their silken resting-place, which bulged beyond all human proportions of a leg. "The cigarette-case he wanted," she went on; "the new pipe-cleaner, and——" She shoved away the things with a little moan and buried her face among the pillows, never hearing the soft opening of the door. Suddenly she jumped. Lord Hilliary was staring at her from the bottom of the bed. "I wish you a happy Christmas," he said.

She said nothing, only looked at him, and two immense tears splashed from the dark line of her eyelashes. In a minute she was in his arms. "My dear, my dear," she stammered, her face pressed hard against his coat, "I don't care if you don't forgive me, but I'll die if you won't love me."

. . . . .

"My sweetheart's been happy?" he said at last.

"Miserable," her face was still against his coat.

"Didn't like your real moments of emotion?"

"Loathed them," this a little more distinctly.

"Not even when I got Dreening down especially to harrow those emotions?"

Her hands fell from his shoulders. "You arranged—the dramatic situation—what I said?" she gasped.

"Everything."

"It's all been pretend?"

"All," he answered.

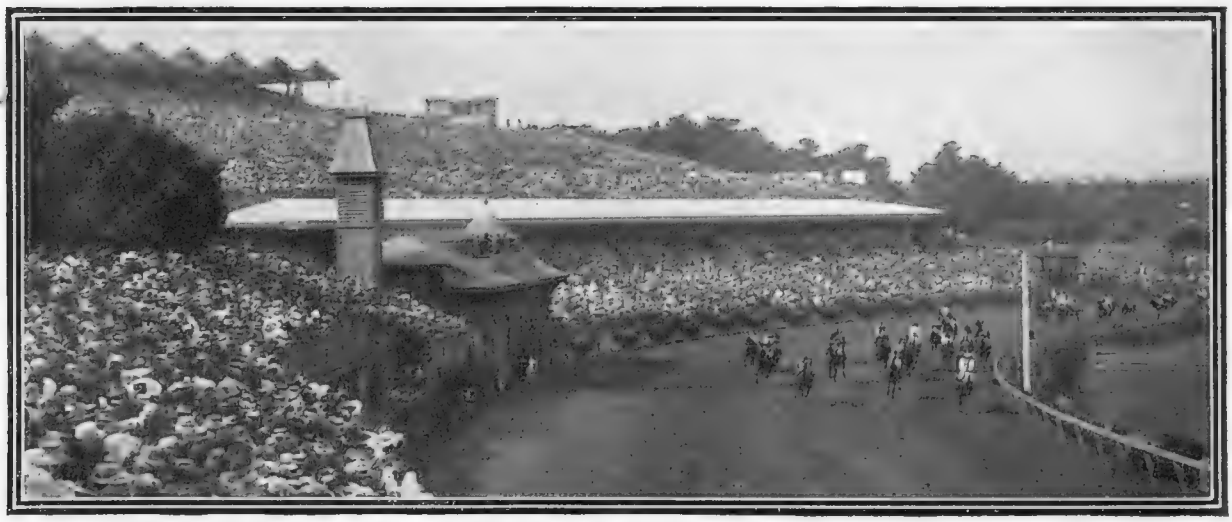
She turned away and walked slowly up and down the room. "Well, something really serious has happened, Hilly," she said, seriously.

He cleared his throat and stepped towards her.

"I've fallen in love all over again with my own husband," said Lady Hilliary.

. . . . .

What happened afterwards isn't your business, and it certainly isn't mine. ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN



AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER RACE

No race in Australia surpasses in interest and importance the Melbourne Cup, which was run early in November. A very popular success was achieved by The Parisian, who had been supported to win many thousands by the public. By the way, the greatest of all Melbourne Cup winners, Carbine, is still alive and well at the Welbeck Stud, though he is nearly twenty-seven years old

THE BYSTANDER XMAS NO.

ORIGINALS

A SHEAF OF CONGRATULATIONS

Your Christmas Number, I consider, is excellent, and a great way above most other Christmas Numbers this year.—R. D. SMITH, Hertford.

Your excellent Christmas Number.—A. H. LUCAS, Bournemouth.

EXTRACTS from READERS' LETTERS

[We reproduce here extracts from SOME of the letters that have reached the Editor from various readers of the Christmas Bystander]

Congratulate you on your delightful Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER. — F. E. WILLIAMS, Exeter.

Congratulate you on the sale of THE BYSTANDER. Splendid. It appears to me to be the only one that has any life and sale in it.—M., Bookstall Clerk, London.

Must congratulate you on your splendid double Christmas Number. —C. F. ALLEN, Ryde.

Quite the best number we've ever seen, we agreed. I DID enjoy it, and it amused me for such ages. —D. C., 16, Dryden Chambers, W.

I must congratulate you on the Christmas Number. It is so bright and clever. Just now one gets a surfeit of drivel on the bookstalls.—R. P. H., Golder's Green.

Your Christmas Number is excellent.—R. E. W. SIMPSON, Norwich.

Your Christmas Number is what is sometimes called "extra." Very amusing, delightful photographs, a good shillingsworth.—J. J. COOPER, Bridgnorth.

You have beaten all your previous efforts at annual producing. The most amazing shillingsworth ever gazed upon. The colour work must indeed be the last word. The plate is a triumph.— R. E. OVEREND, Manchester.

A few of our friends this evening have been looking through your Christmas Number, and are so genuinely enthusiastic about its excellence that I suggested each should sign his name to that effect. So here goes.—H. W. N., Ealing.

Congratulations on your Christmas Number.—H. A., Meopham.

Admirable. Very well varied, and readable all through.— R. K. R., Glasgow.

Your Christmas Number is a "cinch."—F. G. A., Sports' Club.

Your Christmas Number is splendid value.—T. E. B., Co. Dublin.

Hearty congratulations on your Christmas Number. . . . Stands so far above the other double numbers, and strikes me so forcibly as being the finest Christmas Number that has ever been turned out.—C. M. H., Coulsdon.

Press Opinions—A Selection

A very entertaining number with a variety of illustrations, many of which are in colour.—*Times.*

Abundance of illustration for which the paper is famous. . . . Full of good reading from cover to cover.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The selection of colour-plates is particularly good.—*Observer.*

An elegant production, full of interest and humour, without an unentertaining page in it.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE BYSTANDER is, in a word, excellent.—*Morning Advertiser.*

There are two classes of purchasers of the Christmas Numbers of the illustrated papers—those who buy them only to look at the pictures and those who buy them also to read the stories. Both classes are admirably catered for in THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number, in which the literary and artistic features are cleverly combined.—*The Referee.*

Rich in the variety as well as quantity of its literary and artistic matter, and abounding, in both these departments, in colour.—*Scotsman.*

Although a trifle opinionative and advanced, THE BYSTANDER is one of the smartest of the London periodicals, and one can generally get a fresh aspect of things from its pages. There is fun, fantasy, and some good story-telling in the special number. . . . The coloured pictures have a really clever, humorous touch. — *Edinburgh Evening News.*

Illustrated in a most original fashion.—*Irish News.*

Most attractive, up-to-date, and beautifully produced. — *Gloucester Journal.*

All the fun of the festive season is embodied in the Christmas BYSTANDER, which, in artistic as well as in literary contributions, is calculated to lighten even the most leaden hours. — *Glasgow Evening Times.*

The literary and artistic features are, as usual, admirably combined. —*Northern Whig.*

The fiction is good, and the number altogether bright and attractive.—*Halifax Daily Guardian.*

Originality is the keynote of THE BYSTANDER'S Christmas Number.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

Particularly fresh. . . . Penetrating social satires. . . . An exhaustive nightmare of recent political events.—*Workington News.*

Should attract thousands of readers.—*Preston Herald.*

On a particularly brilliant scale.—*Maidstone Journal.*

One of the best of the batch . . . you enjoy it as you do a performance of "The Follies."—*Derby Express.*

"THE INTRUDER"

Colour reproductions of this most popular plate of our Christmas Number are on sale, price 1s. each, at the Graphic Galleries, Strand, W.C.

THE CHURCH BEATS THE STAGE AT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: THE WINNING TEAM

Rev. G. L. Lycett (goal), Rev. E. G. Esdaile and Rev. J. Cotton (backs). Rev. L. S. Beale, Rev. E. M. Hacking, and Rev. L. M. Andrews (half-backs), Rev. J. H. D. Creighton, Rev. E. Parminter, Rev. H. V. Farnfield, Rev. F. W. Worsley, and Rev. G. H. S. Gmelin (forwards)

GAMES AND PASTIMES

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Who Said "Reconciliation"?

There has been a revival lately, in the papers and elsewhere, of the talk about a reconciliation between the A.F.A. and the F.A. Such talk is, no doubt, appropriate to the season of peace and goodwill, etc. People with axes to grind have pointed out that the F.A. has expressed its willingness to receive the A.F.A. secessionists back into the fold, and grant them what amounts, in parliamentary language, to a measure of independence, and it is contended that, because of this, it is "up to" the A.F.A. to grasp the proffered olive branch and so end the "split." They are urged to do so because it would be "for the good of the game." This being the argument, let us have a look at the position of the A.F.A. to-day, and see whether it is justified. When the Public School and 'Varsity footballers seceded, practically in a body, from the F.A. and formed the A.F.A., they undoubtedly set themselves the task of hoeing a pretty long row. Owing to the boycott, the sphere of their operations looked to be so limited that there was a doubt whether they would get enough football among themselves to keep alive. This is why the Army refused to come in with them. But that doubt has since been dispelled. To-day the position of the A.F.A. is three times as strong as it was when the split occurred. It has, in fact, proved itself to be self-supporting. It took the plunge, but it did not drown. It has come to the surface and is swimming along serenely.

A Well-established Principle

The formation of the A.F.A. was the vindication of the well-established principle that the government of an amateur game must be vested in amateurs; that the professionals in a game, however numerous, however skilful, and however useful they may be, are only its servants, and should have no voice in the control of its affairs. A suggestion is just now being put forward that the professional golfers should be given a voice in the control of the affairs of golf. The adoption of such a suggestion and of the

THE ACTORS' TEAM: BEATEN BY THE CLERGYMEN BY 3 GOALS TO 1

J. R. Hale (goal), Percy Campbell and Derrick Knowles (backs), Dennis Drew, Cranmer Smith and Frank Henry (half-backs), Vincent Lawson, H. G. Tabernacle, Lawrence Gordon, Harry Welchman, and Fred Aubrey (forwards)

This annual match in aid of charity was played at Fulham on the Monday of last week. The Church, as usual, with a strong contingent of 'Varsity and Public School footballers to draw upon, was victorious, but the Stage nevertheless put up quite a good fight

Quite Another Matter

AUNT: "And did you get many presents, dear?"
"Oh dear no, Auntie. I got more books than presents"

BY HENRY SANDHAM

vicious principle which it involves can result in nothing but harm to golf, and if amateur footballers in the past had seen where professional representation in the government of the game was going to land them they would never have assented to it. The A.F.A. revolution was inevitable, but it was justified, though it was attended by grave drawbacks. But those drawbacks are gradually (as far as the A.F.A. is concerned) disappearing. About the only one that remains is that a few strong clubs, headed by the Corinthians, do not get opponents of sufficient strength to test them. But they are in the minority. The majority are quite happy and contented. They have shown that they have no use for the F.A. and can do without it, and I myself can see no reason why they should reunite except on terms that give, not only independence, but the control of Association football to amateurs. The professionals and those interested in the commercial side of the game should have no more control than suffices for the management of their own affairs. H. S. S.

GOLF

Taking Stock: The Implements of the Game

There is not much change to chronicle as regards clubs and balls. The craze for Dreadnoughts, that is to say, very whippy shafts, has practically died out. Their inventor, Ben Sayers, and a few faithful disciples still use them; but, for the most part, players have found them too difficult to manage. There is no doubt that, for those who can time properly with them, they are delightful clubs, and I know no pleasanter sensation than a well-hit drive with a Dreadnought. But the difficulty of accurately timing with them is immense, and any inaccuracy in this vital respect is much more fatal with them than with the ordinary shaft. The length of club faces is considerably greater than formerly, the concentrated fist-shaped head having gone out of fashion. It is a question, however, whether, if the small ball craze persists, it would not be wiser to return to that shape. But, for the moment, inventors are concentrating their attention on the production of patent faces for insertion in club-heads, for the purpose of adding to the power of the clubs. Steel faces were tried some time ago, but were not found satisfactory, possibly owing to the difficulty of adjusting them to, or inserting them in, the face. This year the Samson facing, made by a secret process, and resembling a fibrous material, has found a good deal of favour owing to its use by leading players, such as Harry Vardon and Mr. Hilton. There are also the ivory faces, as used by Braid, and quite recently Jack White has produced a face made of the same material as the faces of tennis rackets. I merely mention these various experiments to show that inventors are not confining their attention solely to the balls for the purpose of giving extra length to the shots. It is an indication that if, as seems very unlikely, the standardisers should be successful in their crusade, the next step they would have to take would be the standardisation of the material of wooden club-heads. I present these ardent souls with this fresh prospect of turmoil and confusion when they have captured the fortress which they are now attacking. There is nothing particular to record about iron clubs, the shapes and forms of which are as varied as the weather has been lately. But the license accorded to the shapes of iron mashies and iron putters is wonderful when we remember all the "pother" about the centre-shafted clubs and the claims of tradition.

Tobogganing is always a source of some surprise to newcomers. It is evident that if their knowledge is sufficiently vague, the last thing they expect to see is a personal acquaintance of the type illustrated on a toboggan. It is equally certain, however, that they will also toboggan, and probably in time provide precisely the same set of impressions for the next arrival of novices *Taken from "A Winter Sport Book," by Mr. Reginald Cleaver (A. and C. Black: 5s.)*

The Small Ball Craze

In the matter of balls, the small, heavy ball is still the favourite. Makers of balls now generally produce them in three sizes and varying weights. Although it is a dangerous matter to prophesy about golf affairs, yet I am tempted to predict that this craze for very small and very heavy balls will not last. Personally, I believe the larger and lighter ball is much easier to play with—easier to see and easier to hit. Such a ball will probably come into fashion again, and we shall be astonished that we ever cared about these small bullets which are so difficult to get up and require so much extra effort to hit. ERNEST LEHMANN

Luxurious Travel for Winter Sports Lovers

Winter holidays are undoubtedly increasing in popularity, and improved conditions of travel enable one to go further afield than a few years ago. The ever-increasing throng interested in winter sports may like to hear that these are to be found in such splendid centres for invigorating sport as Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc, and Mont Revard, near Aix-les-Bains. At the latter one can enjoy the delights of ski-ing on the largest ski-ing field in Europe. They are also to be found in the Rhône Valley, the Jura, Valais, and Grindelwald. Programmes of the contests are obtainable in London, and arrangements can be mapped out before setting out. For those who travel in great *luxe*, there is nothing so comfortable as the saloons that are to be found on the night *rapides* of the P.L.M. Line, and one can gather an idea of the accommodation offered by visiting the P.L.M. Offices in Piccadilly, where there are some splendid photographs of these *compartiments de luxe*, and where full information with regard to them can be had.

To make a Rich Creamy Sauce for puddings, you simply prepare the BIRD'S Custard in the usual way, and serve at once while HOT.

This delicious Sauce transforms the plainest pudding into a delightful treat and gives the finishing touch to Mince Pies or Hot Stewed Prunes, and every sort of boiled pudding.

Besides it is so nutritious and inexpensive, and the children simply love it.

PICTURESQUE SHOREHAM BRIDGE TO GO

It is understood that the picturesque old Shoreham Bridge, a wooden structure much beloved by artists, will shortly give place to a more modern erection. It spans the Adur, close to St. Nicholas Church, and is on the main road to Portsmouth from Brighton. The character of latter-day traffic, which is principally motor traction, is too much for it, and it is believed that an iron structure will replace it. The old wooden bridge has seen about 140 years' service, and is the oldest structure of its kind in Sussex

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Concerning a Curse

Just now the problem of efficient lighting is paramount. There is nothing quite so distressful as driving with bad lamps on black nights. I cheerfully admit that night driving under any circumstances likes me little, but when I must progress by the alleged aid of a fitful and uncertain head-light, I feel that life might hold many things infinitely more desirable than motoring. The half light, that leaves most of the track immediately ahead to the imagination of the driver, is, coarsely, a curse. It curses the man on the car and the man in the road. It suggests obstacles which do not exist, and obscures obstacles which are very real. The inefficient lamp, therefore, should be treated drastically—with a hatchet.

Conditions of Efficient Lighting

There are several lamps on the market against which no complaint can be urged; but I want, here, particularly to refer to one lamp, or, rather, one system of lighting. We have to concede that if the machinery is simple and efficient; if current can be generated for immediate use on the road and stored in sufficient quantity to provide for necessary occasions when the engine is not running; if a mechanism can be devised, without complications and the imminent risk of failure, to prevent overcharging on the one hand, over-*dis*charging and the exhaustion of the accumulator cells through waste on the second hand, and, on the third hand (which, lest the neophyte lifts up his voice in derision, I hasten to explain is a motoring term of definite significance), will provide a steady and sufficient light at all times; if, in addition, the lamps are of ample power and strength and are backed by a scientifically constructed reflector—if these conditions are conceded, we have to admit that car-lighting by electricity is easily best, most efficient, and most convenient. I will add yet another condition—provided the price is not prohibitive.

Toward Road Luxury

It is because some of the electric lighting sets we wot of have failed in some of these departments (and some in all of them) that the older form of illuminant stands where it did. It is because the electrical engineer has of recent years succeeded in adapting a mechanism to the special conditions of the automobile that electric lighting is now steadily advancing in favour. What we can do in this connection those pioneers in electrical car-lighting, Messrs. Vandervell, have shown us through their well-known C.A.V. sets, to which I have more than once made reference. But there is another reason for the advance. We have overrun the Berserker stage in motoring. We are no longer the fierce, hard-shelled adventurers who went out to fight the elements and the chances of the road in unprotected cockle-shells and at the mercy (here I drop my parallel hurriedly) of an immature engine. We have discovered means of defence, and our discoveries have led us in these last days to the saloon body, and the limousine and landaulette types. These forms of coachwork call for an additional, immediately accessible, reliable, and sufficient *interior* illuminant. Electricity is the only way.

The Polkey-Jarrott Set

One of his most successful efforts is the lighting set to which I am now to make special reference. It is called the Polkey-Jarrott. In its main features it follows fairly familiar lines. An engine-driven dynamo generates the current, which passes through accumulators to the lamps as required. Its principal feature consists of a couple of centrifugal governors, which automatically control the output of

ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS

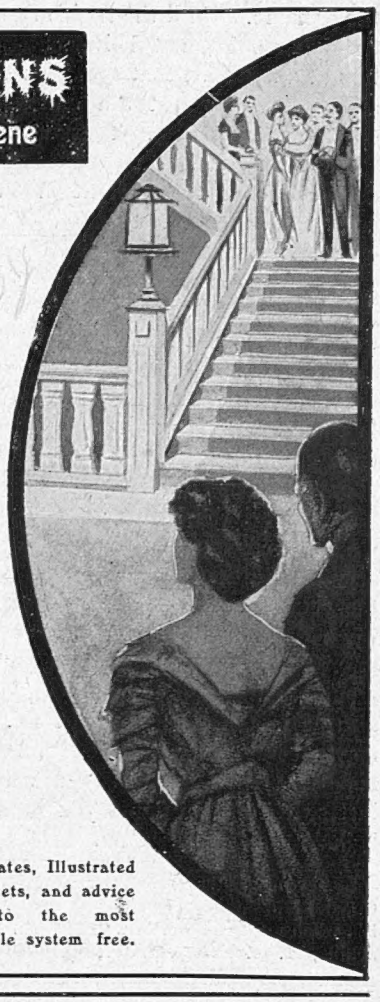
Also Lighting by Petrol Air-Gas & Acetylene

To most people the great drawbacks to rural surroundings are the unsatisfactory lighting and heating facilities, but in these progressive days such conditions could not last long, and the Tredegar systems of lighting by **Electricity, Petrol Air-Gas,** or **Acetylene** will impart all the comforts of a city residence to any country house.

Our plants are of the best possible manufacture, and all work is thoroughly and efficiently performed by skilful and experienced engineers. Whatever the size or period of the building, be it cottage or mansion, one of our installations can be satisfactorily utilised.

The Tredegar Surface Wiring System for Electricity is particularly suitable for panelled rooms, or for any residence where it is not desirable to cut the walls about, and the artistic Wooden Fittings harmonise with any scheme of decoration.

WATERSTON MANOR, Dorchester, one of the many Country houses in which the Tredegar System is installed



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Gifts urgently required for food alone. Cheques and P.O.'s payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," may be sent to the Honorary Director: WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A. LL.B., at Head Offices, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E.

CLAUDE WRIGHT, *General Secretary.*

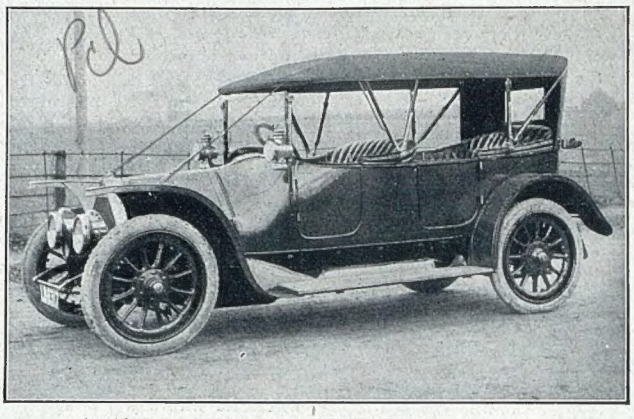
'MELTIS'

IS THE NEW

CHOCOLATE

OF CHARMING FLAVOUR AND PERFECT FINISH

the dynamo. Until the engine reaches a certain speed the dynamo does not deliver current to the accumulators at all. When that speed is reached, the governor automatically operates a clutch, and the dynamo commences to charge. That means that when the car slows down below that specified speed, the dynamo is cut out and the current in the accumulators cannot run back to waste. If you start with empty accumulators you must, of course, run the engine for a time above that specified speed to get any current in the accumulator, but once charged, there is about a four-hour reserve for all the lamps when the car is stationary, in addition to all the current necessary when actually travelling. No paddling around in the mud with a futile match trying to light up. No mess, muddle, nor that make-believe which sends you out in the vain hope that the lamp will "burn up presently." You just switch on any lamp you want as you would the light in the drawing-room.



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Some carburetters give their best at particular speeds; the Claudel-Hobson is giving its best at *all* speeds. No power is lost when most wanted, or wasted when not needed. Send for details, H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

A Commendatory Comment

To the efficiency of this Polkey-Jarrott set the R.A.C. certificate of 2,000 miles of testing is good evidence. But as we do not live by R.A.C. certificates alone, my personal experience of it on the road can count. I could find no ground for complaint in it. It apparently substantiated all the claims made for it. As it was not a special equipment installed for demonstration purposes, as it was not fitted to a car of the Polkey-Jarrott Company, and as my observation of it was quite fortuitous, my still, small voice can be lifted with the greater weight. If you, Sir Reader, happen to be thinking along the lines of an electrical outfit, I can commend the Polkey-Jarrott set to your consideration. The address is 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly.

An Important Sale

Messrs. Shoolbreds announce that they will hold a sale in all departments at Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W., for three days only, January 8, 9, and 10. As there are likely to be many bargains of exceptional value to be picked up, we are making this announcement in the interests of our readers.

RACING NOTIONS

By CARBINE

A Glance at the Derby

At this time of the year it is interesting to take a glance at the prospects of the Derby. I see that there has already been some betting on the great race, but, of course, in these days winter wagering on the Derby is very tame. Compared with former times it is practically non-existent. Many seasoned racegoers will recall the days when the prices of a long list of likely horses for the Derby were regularly quoted in the papers in mid-winter. I have never been able really to understand the reason for the almost complete disappearance of the old custom of backing one's fancy for the Derby some months in advance. Is it that we are now more prudent and less eager to take long shots? Or, is it because the bookies fight shy of laying big prices?

The Two Favourites

Look, for example, at the prices which were quoted about the two most likely horses for the coming Derby. According to the papers, Lomond was on offer at 7 to 2 and White Star at 4 to 1. Nobody excepting the serenest optimist would care to accept such ridiculous odds nearly six months prior to the Epsom summer meeting. On form there is justification for the preference of Lomond and White Star over the other candidates for the race. If I had to back either of them at the present moment I should choose White Star, because I have a slight suspicion that Lomond is not quite so sound as he might be. It will be remembered that since he ran his last race during the past season he was sent from his training quarters at Epsom to his owner's stud-farm at Newmarket. It was announced that the colt was coughing, but it is not usual to send a colt away for a rest when his affection is merely catarrhal, and it would not surprise me to learn that Lomond's trouble was more in his limbs than in his mucous membranes. I hope I am entirely wrong in this presumption; but, for my own part, I would sooner lay 7 to 2 against the colt than take those odds.

Some Selections

In attempting to forecast the results of some of the chief races in the present week, I am much handicapped by having to write these notes a long time in advance of the date of publication, owing to the exigencies of the Christmas holidays. The meetings at the week-end will be Cheltenham and Hurst Park. At the former gathering on Thursday **Celtic King** may win the Evesham Hurdle Race. On the following day, at Hurst Park, the Park Steeplechase should give us a most interesting contest, for King of the Scarlets, who will probably represent Sir C. G. Assheton-Smith instead of Jerry M., can be opposed by such good jumpers as Sprinkle Me, Vinegar Hill, and **Rory o'Moore,** the last being my selection. The Maiden Hurdle Race should be won by **Abelard II.** On Saturday **Rock Dust** is worth noting in the Surrey Hurdle Race and **Master-at-Arms** in the Old Year Steeplechase.